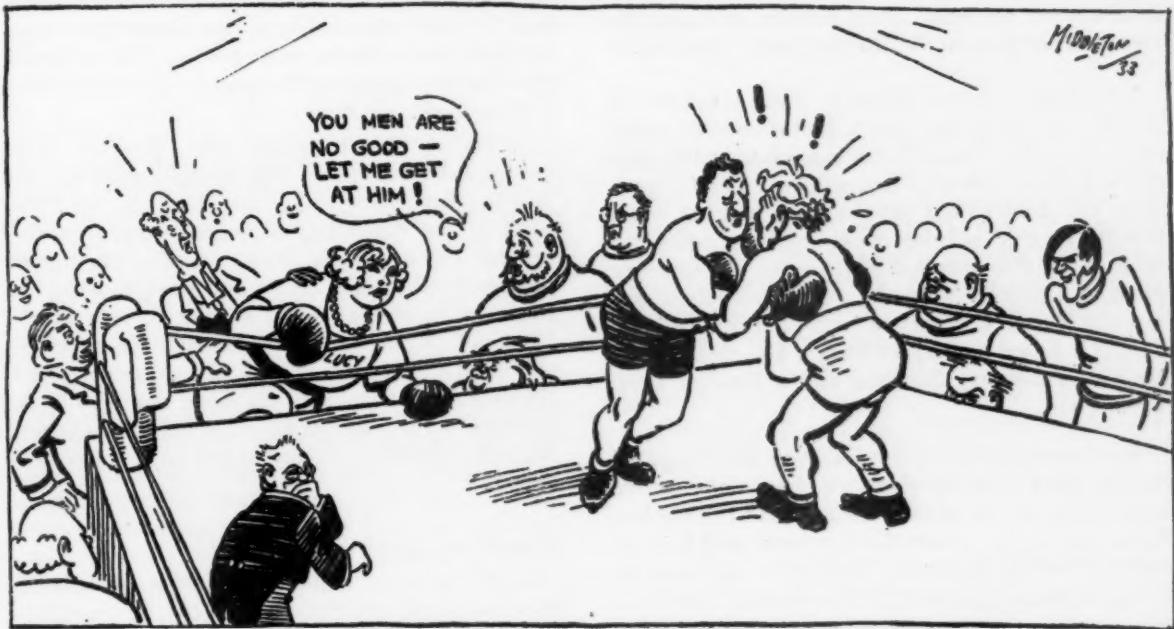


The

SATURDAY REVIEW

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The Paper that puts the Empire first



Battling Ramsay (to latest opponent): For heaven's sake keep the fight going, Herbert. Look what's come now! ("When are you going to sue me for libel? I am waiting. Hurry up," wired Lady Houston to the Premier, referring to the article which appeared in the "Saturday Review" of November 11th.)

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Notes of the Week

A Red Indian

Sir Samuel Hoare, why be a bore
When we should love you so much more,
If you would only sometimes score
Upon the Floor?

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Levity or Laziness

Sir John Ganzeni, member for Ipswich, has raised in the House of Commons on the Address the question of the Reform of the House of Lords, and he has appealed to Mr. Baldwin for an assurance that the subject will be in the mind of the Government, and that they will take measures to counter the Socialistic threat of Dictatorship. While Mr. Lambert expressed the view that, whatever the Commons might desire, the country as a whole would welcome an impartial Second Chamber, which, he suggested, should be armed with power over finance.

Mr. Baldwin, as usual, put the whole questions aside with characteristic levity or laziness, though he admitted that those who desired a balanced Constitution in this country had some cause for anxiety over the House of Lords. "If the House

of Lords was to continue, there was a good deal to be said for some kind of reform. The House of Lords at the present time represented practically only one political party."

This is untrue, but it is the only answer to this important question from Mr. Baldwin after twenty years of debate. He wound up by saying that a "debate of that kind was one of considerable importance, and it would receive the consideration of the Government." It is now perfectly clear that Mr. Baldwin does not wish to reform the House of Lords, and he is quite content, like Mr. MacDonald, to leave the Second Chamber as it is. At any rate, the Conservatives now know where their leader stands on this most important Constitutional question. It is enough to make the Conservatives rebel.

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The Bench and Politics

Another very important question was raised in the House of Lords by Lord Rankeillour. By the Order in Council of October, 1931, the salaries of Judges were reduced by 20 per cent. This appears, on the best authority, to be a violation of the Act of Settlement, where the declaration is as clear as it can be that the Judges of the High Court are not servants of the Crown.

Lord Buckmaster declared that Parliament could not by inference repeal an Act like the Act of Settlement. The result of the reduction of their salaries was a danger that at some time the dignity and strength of the Bench might be impaired. It is obvious that, if one Government can reduce the salaries of the Judges by 20 per cent., a Socialist Government might reduce them by 50 per cent. or by the whole amount. This is indeed to make the Bench dependent on the Government of the day.

The salaries of the Judges at present amount to £2,700, which is less than a junior counsel could make at the Bar, and it is not enough to attract men of the highest character and ability. The Government could only hold out the hope that the question of Judges' salaries could come up again for revision if the financial position of the country made it possible. This is a very unsatisfactory evasion of a very important issue; but it is perhaps as much as we can expect from a Government led by a revolutionary Socialist and a Radical Lord Chancellor.

For over two centuries not even the lungs of faction have ever dared to breathe on the purity and independence of our official Bench. That has been left for the present Government, and it is an outrage, which places our Judges in no better a position than any other Civil Servant.

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Litvinoff Departs

The mission of Litvinoff, the Bolshevik Commissar, has ended in fiasco, as I always thought it would. The Americans have done many foolish things, but they are not so foolish as to let the Bolsheviks put salt on their tail. The American claims against the Soviets amount to some seven or eight hundred million dollars, and it has been found impossible to reach an agreement for the settlement of this debt. M. Litvinoff has been equally unsuccessful in his attempt to establish closer commercial relations with the South American countries, and he has been obliged to set sail for Europe, empty-handed, and if not disgraced, humiliated.

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The Voice of the People

Our political agent has just returned from a tour of the constituencies. It is the same story everywhere. Everyone says that they have been tricked—they voted for Conservative Ministers and Conservative measures. They have got Socialist and Liberal Ministers and Socialist measures—and these people are simply ruining the Nation and the Empire under the pretence of being Conservative. They say that they will not vote for Conservatism until they have Conservative measures and Conservative Ministers.

Nazi "Nordics"

Under Herr Hitler, one of the chief subjects in German universities and schools is *Rassenkunde*, the scientific study of the various races and breeds of mankind, and it is designed to show the superiority of the "Nordics" or "Aryans," that is, the Germans, to all other peoples. A favourite textbook divides the animal world into (a) Nordics and (b) the lower animals, including the non-Nordics, and seeks to establish this differentiation from bodily structure, language, habits, customs and so forth.

It states, for instance, that Nordics alone can speak distinctly, the sounds made by the non-Nordics being like the barking, snoring, sniffing and squealing of beasts, owing to the inferior make of their jaws! Again, the throats of non-Nordics are "round and slope forward like those of monkeys"—not so the throats of the Nordics! Non-Nordics are, in fact, just monkeys—if it is urged that this is wrong because non-Nordics and monkeys do not mate, the reply of the textbook is that there is no proof that they cannot! As our American friends would say, "Can you beat it?"

* * *

Something Like!

A matter for speculation, if not exactly of wonder, might well be supplied by the amount of foreign propaganda money that is invested—well, let us say, perhaps in London. There is certainly a tremendous amount of it "floating around" somewhere. According to a summary, published by the *Journal des Nations*, Geneva, of the financial statement for 1933 of the German Treasury, German expenditure on propaganda, which in 1932 was less than two million marks, has increased this year to upwards of nine and a half million marks—of which two millions are for propaganda in Germany and the rest for propaganda abroad.

The entire profits from the wireless have also been devoted to foreign propaganda, the sum being put at more than ten and a half million marks, bringing the total available for the Hitler régime's propaganda to upwards of twenty million marks. The Geneva paper, however, says that even this fairly large sum is much too low, as the profits on wireless were really about thirty-five million marks. If these decidedly striking figures are correct, the amount spent this year on German propaganda is something like 44 million marks, say, about three millions of our money!

* * *

Money To Burn

There is plenty of money in Germany for propaganda—and other things. The *Lokal Anzeiger* is offering a reward of 50,000 marks, or about £2,500 at par, to anyone who can prove the authenticity of the alleged Nazi secret documents which recently appeared in the *Petit Parisien* and naturally caused a great sensation, as they gave Herr

Hitler's peace offensive completely away. We noted that the *Morning Post*, in an editorial, vouched for the genuineness of these documents. Information that reaches us from a high source is to the same effect. Of course, Dr. Goebels' propaganda storm troops, in the shape of his personally controlled Berlin Press, went into immediate action and denied the truth, with plenty of harsh epithets for those who proclaimed it. The *Morning Post* was said to have "identified itself with forgers and well poisoners"! From this phrase it is evident that Germany glories in the recollection of her barbarous war-time tactics. Incidentally the *Saturday Review* is also described in this week's *Völkischer Beobachter* as a "well poisoner." So this is Germany—the real Germany.

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Arms—and the Men

"May I amplify," writes a correspondent, "your diagram concerning 'The Strengths of Foreign Armies'? Only counting men of military age and who have done not less than twelve months' continuous military service, France, including her African Reserves, can put into the field 7,000,000 men; Italy, 4,500,000 in fourteen days, Poland 1,200,000, Russia, 1,200,000, exclusive of some 16,000,000 men who have had about as much military training as our Territorials. Furthermore, Russia has the largest, and very efficient military Air Service, some 19,000 machines, France being second with 5,000.

"If we turn to Great Britain, at the commencement of the Great War, through Lord Haldane's organisation, she was able to put six Divisions in the field. If we went to War to-morrow, we could only put one division in the field and it would be not less than four months before the second division could take the field, because we have no First and Second Line Transport for more than one division."

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Saving the India Committee's Skin

If Parliament conducted its affairs with business-like dispatch one of two things would happen. Either it would sit for about two weeks in the year—an unthinkable position for members to whom the House is a combined poster and megaphone—or it would make ten times the number of laws it now enacts—a blow to the liberty of the subject too catastrophic to contemplate.

So there is no real complaint when it trots out one or other of its several dozen time-wasting devices, of which the debate on the Address, which is usually good for a week's chatter, is perhaps the most effective.

The flow this week was interrupted by a debate on India. The Government did not want a

debate on India—far from that. Debates on India are the last thing the Government wants and the mere thought of one gives Sir Samuel Hoare a pain in the neck. But the life of the Joint Select Committee had to be prolonged and only Parliament could prolong it. And grievances in Parliament still precede supply, even when the grievance is Mr. Churchill and the supply is of hand-picked "yes men" sworn to do the Government's bidding.

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The Malta Business

Two things are really noteworthy about the trouble in Malta. The first is that our Government surprisingly has for once found it possible to put its foot down. It is to be hoped that the Government will keep its foot down, and thus begin at long last a practice which it will extend to other and still more important matters. Wobbling never pays, firmness always does. And this brings up the second thing, which is the reaction of Italy to what has been done. Signor Mussolini himself does not appear to have uttered a word on the subject, but the Italian newspapers and radio stations, which are absolutely under his control, have said many "mouthfuls" about "England's despotic action."

An Italian broadcast gave out: "England is taking a great responsibility not only before Italy and Malta, but the whole of Europe." This is precisely what we like to see England doing—asserting and maintaining her great position in the world. The truth, of course, is that the Maltese are not Italians; there is no *irredenta* question, and Italy has no *locus standi* whatever in the island. But we seem to remember that only a short time ago Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was belauding Italy—and we wonder how long that foot will be kept down.

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"Despotic"

Signor Mussolini ought to be an authority on despotic action—but it may perhaps be that he considers himself an institution rather than a despot. Certainly he remains while others, however strong their position or high their place under him, come and go. Marshal Balbo had the misfortune to make himself a heroic figure in the eyes of his countrymen, as of the world—and his reward is exile in Libya. Signor Grandi was a brilliant success as Italian Foreign Minister—too brilliant. He was side-stepped to the London Embassy, where he has been too brilliant again apparently, for, as we hear, he is to be given a long holiday "for reasons of health." It does not do for the biggest thing in planets to stand too near the sun.

The Doom of the League of Nations and the Prime Minister

By A.A.B.

IT seldom happens that an orator has the opportunity of killing two birds with one stone so completely as had Mr. Churchill, in his scathing speech last week. After all, what do we owe to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and from what has he saved us? He has saved us from himself and from the blunders of his former friends.

I really cannot see that, when a man is daily parading along the edge of a precipice in a go-cart, and jumps out at the last minute, that he has done any very heroic thing. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden had just enough sanity and knowledge of the fact that they were on the edge of a precipice, and that their only chance of saving their bones was to get out of the situation.

Mr. Snowden is now the Lord Viscount Snowden, and Mr. MacDonald is the Prime Minister of Great Britain and her Dominions.

Mr. Churchill, with admirable wit, declares that he has been searching for an explanation, and a good many other people have, too, of the pinnacle of fame on which Mr. MacDonald sits so complacently. He explains it by the extraordinary aptitude which Mr. MacDonald has of allowing the blame of failure to lie on the shoulders of other people. He then relentlessly recounts a list of Mr. MacDonald's achievements.

The Premier's Achievements

First of all, there was the Lausanne Conference, at which the Prime Minister let off the Germans their debt to us, without even getting a distant promise of repayment. Next the Draft British Agreement about Disarmament in the summer, which is now admitted to be useless.

Then there was the crowning failure of all, the World's Economic Conference, which met with much pomp and ceremony in the South Kensington Museum. Indeed, at that time the whole of the West End of London was placarded with notices of the way to find the Geographical Museum, which in a very short time witnessed the exposure of the futility and folly of the whole concern, in such a way as to make one almost pity the absurdity of Mr. MacDonald's blunder.

Lastly, we come to the Disarmament Conference itself which is an unhappy child of the League of Nations, making it now evident that the League of Nations has fomented discord in the world to such an extent that it has had to put up its shutters among the derision and laughter of all mankind. What is going to happen to the half-finished Palace of Peace, and the huge and expensive staff of clerks and typists, Heaven only knows! Britain has paid at least half the cost, and will be left saddled with all the bills in the future.

Such is the bare record of the achievements of

our Prime Minister, which, it must be admitted, are hardly creditable to him, or such as to elicit our national gratitude.

Samson, it will be remembered, ended the business at Gaza by pulling down on the heads of the Philistines the pillars of the temple. In like manner we ought to feel some gratitude to our Prime Minister for ridding us of this mischievous debating society at Geneva.

Sir Arthur Samuel, Bart., M.P., lately Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has pertinently pointed out that 62 out of 66 millions of loans promoted by the League of Nations are in default.

An Oxford League

It is now seen clearly that the League of Nations has been run by a small clique of All Souls' Fellows, namely Mr. Dawson, editor of *The Times*, Lord Lothian and Mr. Lionel Curtis, Lord Chelmsford, one of their leading spirits, having died.

The collapse of the League of Nations is naturally a very severe blow to *The Times*. They have backed its blunders and its policy loyally throughout. The All Soul's clique is somewhat in the same position as the man who has leaned his whole weight against a door which is suddenly opened from within, and he falls on his face.

It can hardly be believed that a paper like *The Times* could be guilty of suppressing half of Mr. Churchill's speech, containing his attack upon the Prime Minister, while reporting almost in full the speech of Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, which, sound and Tory as it was, could hardly be ranked with Mr. Churchill's for importance.

However, *The Times* cannot for ever suppress Mr. Churchill's opposition to the Indian policy, which, I believe, will in the end upset the so-called National Government.

Mr. Churchill's defence of Sir John Simon for the failure of the Disarmament was just and generous, though a little too tinged with sarcasm. At last, after fifteen years of what is called Public Diplomacy, we have returned to the good old paths of Ambassadorial Negotiations. It is quite obvious that calm and stately letters, addressed by one Ambassador to another, are far more likely to reach agreement than these conferences at which the delegates all get on their hind legs and make speeches. There really is some chance now that, out of letters beginning "Your Excellency," or "My Lord," some kind of agreement may be reached in the matter of Disarmament.

Out of evil comes good, and we may all throw our caps in the air and congratulate ourselves that the era of Conferences is over, and that we may therefore look to see something like an international agreement on Disarmament before the end of this Parliament.

The Degradation of Mr. Baldwin?

The Tell-Tale Evidence of the By-Elections

By "KIM"

NO words will suffice to stigmatise the outwardly amicable Leader—Stanley Baldwin (astute always in the wrong direction) who—under the guise of a "National" Government, brought the most dangerous, disruptive, political adventurer known to history to plot the destruction of the country!

Mr. Winston Churchill suggests that the sinister link that brought them into double harness was their united determination to disintegrate India—throw that great dependency into the melting pot—and destroy the Empire by so doing.

"I have no doubt," he said during the debate on India, "that their agreement upon the subject of India played a definite part in bringing about the great convulsions in our political life which occurred about the end of 1931."

What the Nation Wanted

The by-elections if they were needed to prove it, stamp the failure of the "National" Government to carry through the tasks expected of it. In 1931 the Socialist Government was discredited, and yet the very Prime Minister who brought the country to the verge of collapse, was permitted to transfer his leadership to the "National" Party—a meaningless name for what was in effect the Tories. They voted overwhelmingly Conservative. The reasons are not far to seek. Tariffs were the draw. They had had enough of unemployment and poverty under Free Trade, and decided to give Protection a chance. They wanted work, better pay, security of employment, the opportunity to make good.

Talkative Thomas

Well . . . we know what happened. Mr. Baldwin began by giving coupons to various Liberals and a handful of Socialists who ratted—including Mr. "Jim" Thomas, whose main claim to popularity appears to be a great facility for telling smoking-room stories.

Very early those who had voted for Protection *pur et simple*, began to raise their eyebrows when a man like Mr. Walter Runciman was put in command at the Board of Trade—the key position in regulating tariffs. Mr. Runciman—true to his life-long Free Trade predilections—has violated Britain's power of bargaining by a series of trade agreements with foreign nations—in every case to the detriment of the home manufacturer or producer. In no single case has he bargained to the nation's advantage. He, and his confreres, like Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister at the Colonial Office, and the egregious Mr. Walter Elliot now at the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, have given the country a definite feeling that the electors are being fooled for the benefit of someone

certainly not themselves. The Argentine, Japan, Denmark—all of them obtaining concessions to the detriment of our producers.

Put in another form, the working classes expected to benefit in a vast revival of trade which was promised them. They blame the Ministry, and so, in sooth, do I. So they record their dissatisfaction by voting against the MacDonald-Baldwin-Runciman combination. The only way to win them back would be if the Conservative Party were to throw out all the non-Conservative elements commencing with Mr. Baldwin, and replace them by men of proved principles like Sir Henry Page-Croft, Col. John Gretton, and others.

Limpets in Office

I mention Tariffs as the main cause of the break-away because they directly affect the livelihood and prospects of the nation. But there are other potent influences as well. The neglect of any adequate protection to British Shipping, the cruel indifference as to whether our seamen work or starve, the cynical disregard of foreign subsidies to our prejudice, and the discrimination which permits foreign competitors to limit their carrying trade to their own flag—are all damnable. One show of independence by the limpets in office, one threat of reprisals, would have had the effect of re-establishing confidence. But they remain mum.

And now we should take a glimpse of the rank and file Conservatives, who are asked to maintain in office a charlatan pacifist-Socialist as Prime Minister, bent on surrendering India. A Conservative "Leader" who leads them along the downward path to Socialism, a Foreign Minister who has failed in everything he touches, placed there because he was a Liberal—"Slimy Simon" as Mr. Lloyd George dubs him.

Are Conservatives such poltroons as to go on suffering these political enemies? They see a Cabinet, whose duty it is to see that the National Defences are at least adequate, boasting with pride that they have whittled down the margin of security to a point of danger, while they go gallivanting around to patch up an abortive Disarmament League, destined to fail from its moment of birth. They see trained Naval Officers forced to retire, the Navy cut down to such lengths that it can no longer safeguard our interests; an Air Force totally inadequate to protect this Island in the event of war; and an Army whose Artillery gives cause for alarm and yet they insult their constituents who placed them in office by rushing into the polling booths to support a Ministry which is deliberately placing the country in hourly danger, while it exercises all its energies to preach pacifism to a pugnacious Europe.

Shoot the Assassins

The Rev. Robert Spalding Sees Red!

By HAMISH BLAIR

WE now know, on inspired if not official authority, that the first care of the Government of Bengal, on hearing of the murder of Mr. Burge at Midnapore, was to protect the inhabitants of that rascally town—70 per cent. of whom, according to the local European residents, are in league with the assassins—from reprisals at the hands of the soldiers quartered in it.

We learn from the *Statesman*, of Calcutta, which is practically an official organ, as well as a leading protagonist of the White Paper, that “four days elapsed (after the assassination) before the town was searched for arms, and the reason for this delay was to save the town.”

And what was the town to be saved from? “We have good reason to believe,” continues the *Statesman*, “that, had the military been called upon immediately after the assassination to assist the police in their search, the likelihood of their taking their own punitive measures was very great, and that Midnapore might have been burnt down. Passions had to be cooled and influence had to be exerted, and hence that delay which has so puzzled and impressed the public”!

White Paper before Law and Order

The astounding inaction of the Government of Bengal on this occasion amounts to so complete a negation of the ordinary canons of government as to leave the man in the street bewildered. Only one explanation suggests itself to him, and that is that the Government of Bengal considers it more important to create an atmosphere for the White Paper policy than to take the most ordinary punitive and preventive measures in connection with the murder-ridden district of Midnapore.

But even the Government of Bengal must surely be credited with a desire to do its elemental duty. Is it possible that Whitehall or Simla had forbidden it to do anything which would tend to disturb the deliberations of the Joint Parliamentary Committee, or bring home to British opinion the certainty that violence will rule the roost in Bengal when province is left to its own devices?

It appears, however, that the gunmen of Bengal have at last gone too far! The recent raid on the wayside station of Hili, on the East Bengal Railway, has subjected the patience of the Government to an almost intolerable strain; so much so that we actually find it hinting at reprisals if any more murders and outrages take place, especially in Midnapore.

“It is certain,” once more to quote the *Statesman*, “that any Government which does not propose to abdicate and which is faced with the alternative of losing control of its own forces or resorting to reprisals itself will in the end have to choose the latter.”

And we are further told, by the same authority, that “it is or ought to be clear that a breaking point comes. Those who know the currents of feeling in Bengal to-day in Army, police and other services, and amongst sections of the European and Moslem communities, know that it is not very far off.”

The Truculent Curate

For reasons set out in the first paragraph, this may be taken as an official warning to the terrorists and their backers. The Government of Bengal says to them, in effect:

“You had better commit no more outrages, otherwise we shall not be able to hold in the Army, the police and the European and Moslem communities.” It is rather reminiscent of the Rev. Robert Spalding of “Private Secretary” fame, in the one truculent speech which he is allowed to make: “I don’t wish to be unkind, but if that man strikes me again I shall give him a good hard knock!”

Personally, I doubt whether the warning will have any effect. It will certainly not frighten the shock troops of terrorism, and, as regards the others, it will almost certainly be rendered nugatory by reason of the necessity which is laid upon every Indian Government of keeping the course clear for the White Paper *at all costs*.

An Opportunity Missed

The Government of Bengal has just missed an excellent opportunity of dealing faithfully with the terrorists, which was offered to it the very day after the Hili station raid took place. Seven youths—almost certainly half the gang which had held up the Hili station—were arrested within twenty miles of the scene of the outrage while they were attempting to cross a river. They were armed, and at least two of them were “wanted” in connection with previous revolutionary crimes, one of them being an escaped prisoner.

The suggestion of the Midnapore Europeans a week or two back was that any person in their district who was found carrying arms without a licence should be executed at 48 hours’ notice. If this had been done in the case of some of the gang arrested as described, the terrorists would have been read a very useful lesson.

Instead, the prisoners are being placed before a special tribunal, where their trial may take anything from a week to a month, and may very possibly end in an acquittal.

Until the Government and its officers shake off this hidebound tradition, and shoot a few assassins and potential assassins—and their secret financiers—without trial, they will continue to be faced with a steady recurrence of raids and murders.

Dollfuss and Hitler

The Austrian David and German Goliath

By PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN
(The ex-Centre Party Leader with a price on his head)

WHAT is the real state of affairs in Austria to-day? How strong are the Austrian Nazis? To what extent is Dr. Dollfuss, the "little Chancellor," justified in his contention that he has the bulk of the nation at his back? These were some of the questions with which I was confronted on my recent arrival in London.

They show that my English friends are genuinely anxious to understand the trend of events in the land of my adoption, but they also, I think, reveal a very natural failure to grasp one essential feature of the problem. The position in Austria to-day is inextricably bound up with the situation in Germany, and hence with the entire European outlook. I speak as a German, born in Austria, where I have lived for 18 years, to which country I have now returned after vainly struggling as a member of the now-suppressed Centre Party, to stem the rising tide of National-Socialism.

One must, then, grasp the truth about Nazi Germany, before one can hope to read aright what is happening in Austria. I am amazed at the number of people who seriously believe that Adolf Hitler represents a practically-united Germany. He does not.

Hitler's Secrets of Success

He owes his success partly to the ill-considered severity of Versailles with the consequent post-war years of social and economic misery which Germany suffered, partly to his skilfully-pursued policy of offering all things to all men—peasants and landowners, workers and capitalists alike—and partly to that stroke of opportunist genius which led him to make his *coup d'état* at the very moment when statistics proved the strength of the Nazis to be on the wane. The distinction between Germany under the Nazi regime and the real Germany which will, at no distant date, burst its bonds, cannot be too strongly emphasised.

Hitler's recent activities have all been inspired by the increasingly urgent necessity for distracting the attention of his followers from his many failures to fulfil his lavish promises. Hence the spectacular withdrawal from Geneva. And hence the offensive against Austrian independence, bolstered up by the fostering of an alien party within the Austrian state, subsidised by Nazi millions. For National-Socialism is as un-Austrian a growth as it is also, fundamentally, un-German.

But do not let us make the grave mistake of confusing the fusion of Austria with Nazi Germany with the old historic ideal of the Anschluss. Austrians are as essentially Germanic in race and sentiment as any other branch of the Teutonic family, and at least 80 per cent. of them have long

been enthusiastically in favour of the Anschluss. But they looked for union on the same basis as any other confederate state, with political and spiritual autonomy—as, for example, Bavaria, before Hitler seized the reins of office.

Since their suppression as a legal political party, it has been difficult to gauge the exact strength of the Austrian Nazis. But it is instructive to recall the fact that although Hitlerite propaganda had succeeded in securing them majorities in many of the frontier provincial assemblies, the parliament of Vienna contained not a single National-Socialist deputy. And 66 per cent. of the Viennese electors are still Social-Democrats—the very part which formerly supported the Anschluss most strongly. To-day, they realise only too clearly that the attainment of their one-time goal would mean, not a wider freedom, but the utter loss of their existing liberties.

An Industrial Plot

Dr. Dollfuss is now manfully engaged in grappling with elements which bear an alarming resemblance to that post-war culture in Germany which proved such a fertile breeding-ground for the Nazi bacilli. The opposition to his rule is drawn principally from the ranks of university professors and students, impoverished members of the middle class, a portion of the peasantry, and a considerable percentage of the big capitalists and employers of labour. Only a few weeks ago, the Alpine Montangesellschaft, one of the most powerful of industrial combines, deliberately attempted to reduce wages with a view to provoking a strike which should prove the signal for a Nazi revolution.

At the moment, the economic outlook in Austria is more promising.

But it would be foolish to attempt to minimise the formidable difficulties which still confront Dr. Dollfuss, although it is true that the recent dastardly attempt upon his life has recoiled upon his enemies by greatly increasing his popularity.

Danger of Invasion

Apart from the very real danger of a Hitlerite invasion, camouflaged behind a convenient spearhead of Austrian Nazi exiles, he has the embarrassment of reckoning with two groups made up, respectively, of dangerous allies and needless adversaries. I refer to those whose policy seems to aim at something indistinguishable from an Austrian model of the existing German National-Socialists state—an attempt at "stealing the enemy's thunder" which would, I feel sure, prove fatal. Fortunately, Dr. Dollfuss has taken care to keep these supporters well under

control, with the result that now they wield considerably less power than they formerly did.

The second group is composed of Social Democrats, with whom it would, to my mind, be well if the Chancellor came to a definite understanding. It should not be difficult, for there is nothing in the least degree Bolshevik about this Party. In fact, judged by English standards, it would probably be considered more Liberal than Socialist, whilst it is as vehemently opposed to Nazi aggression as Dr. Dollfuss himself.

The ultimate political outcome remains uncertain. The state of emergency into which Hitler's provocative policy has plunged the country has made it necessary to suspend the Austrian Parliament. The Government is now at work on a new constitution which is apparently designed to create a "corporate state," in which single professions will be concentrated into corporations, with a

representative body to replace Parliament. At a time like this, the wisdom of such a scheme would perhaps appear doubtful. But it is too early to judge.

Some people are inclined to regard a union of Austria with Hungary, under a Habsburg, as a future possibility. But such a solution is not practical politics at the moment. Practically no Habsburg sentiment exists in Hungary, and the little there is in Austria is confined to a few big landowners, with a sprinkling of the small bourgeoisie and shopkeepers.

There are encouraging signs that Great Britain and Italy, as well as France, are beginning to realise that the absorption of Austria by Hitler's Germany would hopelessly jeopardise the peace of Europe for years to come. Mussolini has certainly no desire to see a Nazi bloc confronting him across the Brenner.

THE SLIPPERY SLOPE

Slippery Sam has crossed the floor,
He wont help the Government any more;
He's sitting now on the opposite benches,
But nobody worries and no one blenches,
Or cares—to be brutal—a tinker's dam
What has become of Slippery Sam.

Is he eagerly grasping the horny fists
Of Clydeside's clever young Socialists,
Or busy inserting Free Trade bees
In the artless bonnets of T.U.C.s,
Or getting the bird from that dauntless Three,
Mister and Major and Miss L.G.?
Is he garnering wisdom fresh from the lips
Of the pocket dictator, Sir Stafford Cripps,
Or, deeming its quality worse than tripe's,
Do we hear him mutter, "Sir Stafford—Cripes!"
Why, nowt o' the sort. With blood in his eye
He's larruping poor old Lansbury,
And leading his sheep to cast their votes
Along o' they ill-smelling Tory goats.

Slippery Sam—you may call him Herb—
Has a Free Trade conscience that nought can curb,
And jolly old Sinclair, Sir Archibald,
When he thinks of the Government stands appalled.
The thought of Protection rouses the dander
Of Percy Harris and P. O. Mander,
While the Foreign Office's footlings put
Corns on the feet of Isaac Foote.
So the whole caboodle has crossed the floor,
And I'm told that they're out for the Tory's gore;
They've ratted before and they're ratting again,
But for signs of alarm you will seek in vain,
For it's obvious nobody cares a blow
Whence Liberals come or where Liberals go;
That nobody cares a whoop in Hell
What happens to Slippery Samu-el.

HAMADRYAD.

SERIAL The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world.

It will be noticed, however, that the Labour Party has always pursued an "Anti" policy, its most powerful line of propaganda consisting of declamations on the faults, the failings and the vices of Capitalism together with personalities of the most offensive kind. In this respect there is little to choose between Socialists and Communists; the front page of the I.L.P. paper, *Forward*, is indistinguishable from the columns of the *Daily Worker*.

The "Labour" Party in its 1928 manifesto, *Labour and the Nation*, and Mr. Philip Snowden in his *Morning Post* article of February 15, 1929, had sounded the call to class warfare in no uncertain tone :

The existence of a rich class is responsible for the poverty of the mass and for the social evil of the slums, physical deterioration, ill-health, inadequate education, and industrial inefficiency. . . . When money . . . is left with the individual there is . . . the reasonable assumption that it will be wasted in luxury and riotous living.

The *Daily Herald* had said much the same thing in 1921, when, speaking of the fund which should supply the needs of the workers, it declared : "The fund is there all right; it is in the pockets of the rich"; and Mr. Clynes in stating that the purpose of the Labour Party was "to take from the rich and give to the poor, even though the poor might not deserve it."

Enemies of the Rich

The rancorous spirit of these utterances was equalled only by its insincerity. None but anarchists or the small body of Socialists known as "Distributionists," led by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, really propose to divide up wealth, the plan of the Labour Party, as set forth by Mr. Snowden himself, being to place it all under public control; that is to say, in the hands of the State. Nor have Socialists themselves shown the least inclination to share their own possessions with their needy brethren.³ The truth is that they are not the friends of the poor, but only the enemies of the rich.

It must not be forgotten that, whatever pronouncements they may make in public for immediate political purposes, the Labour Party has always been mainly directed by the I.L.P., to which no fewer than 117 Labour Members of Parliament under the last (Conservative) Government and 200 under the present (Labour) Government at the time of its accession belonged. The

³ A number of Labour Members own motor-cars, even Rolls-Royces are not unknown amongst them. The Hotel du Cap, at Antibes, one of the most expensive hotels on the Continent, is a favourite resort of Socialists every summer. In September 1929 the wife of a Labour Member was reported as having lost a pearl necklace valued at £6,000.

Labour Party and, to a large extent, the T.U.C. have therefore been throughout committed to the I.L.P. Policy of "no peace in industry" until Capitalism is abolished and Socialism installed.

The Conservatives persisted in shutting their eyes to all this, and in declaring that the Labour Party was quite harmless and that its leaders were "very good fellows," perfectly honest, sincerely devoted to the cause of the workers, only a little mistaken in their ideas of the way in which conditions should be improved. Not only were their war records to be forgotten, but the part they had played in the general strike was not to be recalled. Whilst Mr. Cook might be used occasionally as a target, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden were to be immune. I have heard a Conservative Cabinet Minister, reputedly a "stronger" man than Mr. Baldwin, carefully impressing upon an audience of Conservative workers that they must not confuse Socialism and Communism, and that whilst Communism must be condemned, Socialism was not so much to be feared. The point that needed to be brought home to them was that Socialism and Communism lead to the same goal, and that Socialism, being more insidious, presents the greater danger.

The Meaning of Socialism

In an interview given to the *People* in 1924, Mr. Baldwin himself was represented as saying :

Every future Government must be socialistic in the sense in which our grandfathers used the word. Personally I don't know what Socialism means.

This sentence may well have been wrongly reported, but it is certainly what many Conservatives might have said who imagine that Socialism is only an extreme kind of social reform. In reality our grandfathers—those at least who knew what they were talking about—used the word in exactly the same sense as we do to-day, and repudiated it as strongly as we do. The great Lord Shaftesbury opposed Socialism as ardently as he supported social reform. As long ago as 1886 the writer of an admirable pamphlet pointed out the confusion that arises from the misuse of the term :

It is sheer waste of time to beg the whole question by treating the word "Socialism" as a mere extension of derivative of the word "social." If this schoolgirl method of interpretation is to be adopted and etymology is to settle meanings offhand in defiance of usage, we shall find ourselves committed to innumerable absurdities. We shall find, for instance, that being methodical is identical with Methodism, that a frightened man is a Quaker. . . . Socialism is far from being identical with social progress or the social instincts and virtues.

The axiom that should be hammered into every Conservative's head, that should be written up in large letters in every Conservative lecture-room

SERIAL

and ceaselessly repeated in Conservative leaflets is that SOCIALISM IS NOT SOCIAL REFORM. Socialism is the negation of reform. To speak of Socialist "ideals" is to mislead the public. Communism in its early stages, when bands of men and women formed themselves into communities holding everything in common, might be said to comprise ideals, but Socialism, particularly since the days of Marx, has never advocated a system of this kind, but simply the creation of a soulless bureaucracy which would reduce the mass of the people to servitude. To call this an ideal is absurd. Such sane ideals as individual Socialists may entertain are those common to every humane and generous mind, and not peculiar to Socialism, but on the contrary extraneous to it.

Curse of Confused Thinking

As a result of the confused thinking on this subject, which prevailed in the Conservative Party during the last Government, a certain number of Party members had ceased to be Conservatives at all and had become half-convinced Socialists far more hostile to the Right Wing of Conservatism than to the Labour Party, their theory being that *au fond* Conservatism and Socialism have much in common and should come to an understanding. This was the idea of the group that came to be known as the Y.M.C.A., because it was composed of the younger members of the Party, a fact that was the more regrettable since there was nothing of which the Party stood more in need than "young blood." But instead of bringing fresh vigour into the body of Conservatism, this group became the great hope of the Socialists.

There is a large section of the Tory Party [Mr. Ramsay MacDonald pointed out], especially the young Tories, who are men of very great promise. . . . Their colleagues, the representatives of massed capital, the old reactionary machine Tories, have more trouble with the young Tories than they have even with us. Sooner or later the free mind and the courageous intelligence, and an unfettered desire to hammer out a national policy, will have to be taken up by the young Tories, not as party politicians, but as men with a national outlook. When they face that problem, the partition between us and them will be so thin that they might as well break it down and come over to the Socialists' camp.

If these young men imagined that by diluting Conservatism with Socialism they were enhancing their Party in the eyes of the Opposition, they were strangely mistaken. By taking their stand firmly on the principles they were supposed to represent, they would have won the respect instead of the patronising commendation of their opponents.

The fact is: if the nation wants Socialism it will go for it to the Socialist Party; it will not accept it second-hand from the Tory benches. The answer to the young Conservatives' bid for favour was the extinction of several members of the group at the general election, and their re-

placement by full-blooded Socialists sailing under their true colours—the Red Flag.

The fact that these Left Wing elements were not brought to book, combined with Mr. Baldwin's non-combatant attitude towards the Labour Party, naturally gave some colour to the theory constantly proclaimed by the Rothermere Press—and entertained in many responsible quarters—that the Prime Minister himself was not unsympathetic to Socialist ideas. It has always seemed to the present writer a matter for regret that Mr. Baldwin did not see his way to making a public declaration to a contrary effect, reiterating his belief in social reform, but whole-hearted detestation of Socialism. Such a pronouncement would have gone far to rally disheartened Conservatives throughout the country who had no means of knowing what truth there might be in these rumours.

The Limits of Loyalty

Unfortunately the anxiety thus created, as also the deep dissatisfaction that prevailed amongst Conservatives all over the country with regard to certain points in the Party's policy which found expression on several occasions, was usually met by charges of disloyalty against those who dared to speak their minds, rather than by assurances calculated to restore confidence. This cry of "loyalty to our leaders"—still raised to stifle all criticism—appeals to the best instincts of the Conservative rank and file by suggesting a false analogy with military leadership. But soldiers in a regiment do not choose their officers, and they are bound to obey them unquestioningly. Conservatives are under no such obligation to the representatives they have themselves elected, and it is their right, and even their duty, to protest if they consider that they are being led in the wrong direction. However admirable loyalty to political leaders may be, loyalty to principles is more admirable still, and the allegiance of supporters, who are resolved that the principles of their Party shall be adhered to, is of more value to the Conservative cause than that of sheep who are content to follow blindly. Do not the leaders, moreover, owe loyalty to their supporters and an explanation of their actions when this is required? It is only a dictator who can say: "Leave all questions of policy to me; your duty is to obey unquestioningly." The Party leader in a State where suffrage has become universal is obliged to explain his policy and submit to questioning if he hopes for support. *He cannot afford to be misunderstood.* He cannot shrug his shoulders and say that it matters nothing what the man in the street may think. To-day, thanks to the action of the Conservatives themselves, not only the man in the street but the girl in the cinema are the arbiters of the country's destiny, and the issues at stake must be made clear to them if their vote is not to be used against the interests of the country.

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Make the Broadcasting Corporation British

The Scandal of "Free Boosts" for Foreigners

By Sir Michael Bruce, Bart.

WHEN searching the ether for some entertainment a few weeks ago, I was twiddling the knobs of my radio set. Suddenly familiar words came to my ears—"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" . . .

Fascinated, I listened, holding the station, for never before had I succeeded in getting America so loudly. It was America, of course. There was no mistaking that roof-of-the-mouth accent. I am not over-fond of the American dialect, but I listened. Rarely enough does one hear Shakespeare on the air, and, moreover, I felt gratified at the Americans paying our bard this compliment.

Shakespeare in American

The scene passed, the voice faded. The announcer began to speak. I sat bolt upright: for his voice was decidedly English. "This is the National programme . . ." What national programme, I wondered. America doesn't have national programmes. "This is the National programme from London. . ." And then I slumped back in my armchair, staggered at the weird and wonderful ways of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

It was not a relay from New York, and there was nothing about the item in the printed programme. The B.B.C., in its ineffable wisdom, was putting out Shakespeare, the giant of English literature, in pure American.

What was the idea? Was it just to be modern, was it imitating "Hamlet in Plus-Fours," was it having a dig at the talkies? Next day I learnt the truth. The B.B.C. was giving us a "surprise" item. And I have no doubt that this item surprised millions, for many brains besides mine must have puzzled over the why and wherefore of the British Broadcasting Corporation, supported by British cash, putting a scene from the greatest English playwright in choice American from the mouth of an actress from across the sea.

A Kick for the B.B.C.

No doubt the lady is as charming as Juliet should be, and a thoroughly accomplished actress. There is not the slightest complaint about her. But there is most decidedly a kick coming for the B.B.C. How often does the B.B.C. touch Shakespeare? Even with its "upright complex," rarely enough. Then why, when it does, must it allow one of the greatest love-scenes in English literature to reach our ears in the twang of the United States?

Is the Broadcasting Corporation entitled to the adjective British? One begins to wonder. Is the

great B.B.C. to be classed with the second-rate highbrows of the Bloomsbury crush, that will not accept a musician or a dancer unless he pretends that he is a German, a Russian or a Greek, that damns Smith but adores Smithski, spurns Charles but rushes into the arms of Karl, and sees no good in anything unless it has made a voyage across the sea?

I am no insular reactionary. I know that there is good art in every clime and under every national banner, but I am staggered at the way in which the B.B.C. gives prominence to the foreigner, at the expense of our own artists, boosts the Belgian, smothers the Pole with publicity, fawns on the French, gushes over the German, and raves about the Russian.

Countless hours of broadcasting are given to the works—excellent, without question—of foreign nationals, whilst the work of our own men and women is squeezed in reluctantly as odd items here and there. Honegger thumps his boiler-factory screechings at us from the Queen's Hall, whilst Eric Coates must be slipped in almost secretly along with ordinary "programme" stuff; Wagner, Rimski-Korsakov, Borodin drown the tones of Elgar, Delius and Ireland.

Leipzig—not London

The B.B.C. does not lend its powers to advertising, we are told. It is not so; for it has consistently allowed the advertising to foreign names, foreign places and foreign affairs.

It recently gave ten minutes' free publicity to the Leipzig Fair. The talk was well-put over, it was interesting, and no doubt the Leipzig Fair is an excellent institution. But why has the B.B.C. picked on a foreign market-place for this stupendous piece of free publicity? The recent Confectioners' Exhibition came and went in silence. Even the great and extraordinarily useful—to home industries—Advertising Exhibition received no aid such as was granted to the Leipzig market.

All such affairs would be ideal if there happened to be a certain amount of reciprocity on the air: but not yet has the day come when Paris will, of her own accord, be spreading the virtues of English artists into a million French homes. Berlin boosting a British business man's convention, and Moscow "plugging" the music of Peter Warlock or Ethel Smyth?

"Nation shall speak peace unto nation" expresses a sentiment to which all sensible people subscribe; but it must remain an unattainable ideal so long as it is the British nation alone that speaks the virtues of others, and they, concerning us, remain insularly dumb.

The American Revolt

President Roosevelt's Enemies and Friends— His Next Move

[By Our American Correspondent]

A FEW months ago, when General Hugh S. Johnson, the picturesque administrator of America's National Recovery Act, was being complimented upon the success of one of the industrial codes, he replied somewhat sardonically :

"Just you wait until winter, and the air will be full of dead cats flying about!"

It is apparent that the General is no mean student of the psychology of his countrymen; for winter is here, and so are the dead cats. One or two of them may (as General Johnson now protests) be "synthetic"; but the genuine article is nevertheless being thrown in large quantities, and with evident devotion to the theory of body-line bowling.

The Call to Arms

And when there appear openly on the firing line such formidable figures as "Al" Smith, Bernard M. Baruch, Newton D. Baker, Professor O. M. Sprague and James P. Warburg, it becomes evident that the relationship between President Roosevelt and the business, financial and political leaders of the United States is definitely entering a new phase.

One uses the term "leaders" advisedly, for as yet there is little discernible evidence of any diminution of the President's popularity with the general public. The loyalty of the "forgotten man" is still as unquestioning as it was six months ago, when President Roosevelt could have for the asking whatever powers he wanted.

Nor have the really important capitalists—the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Mellons—yet seen fit to commit themselves: probably, and wisely, they feel that the Senatorial Committee's investigation of once prominent bankers has prejudiced the public mind against anything that a multi-millionaire might now feel called upon to say.

A Formidable Revolt

It must also be remembered that it has only been a little more than a year since Governor Smith and Franklin Roosevelt were rivals for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency; and that Mr. Baruch has always been somewhat distrusted by the Democratic radicals, and by the Southern and Western farmers, simply because of his known reputation as a "Wall Street man."

But when all due allowances have been made, the fact remains that the revolt against the President's monetary policy has assumed formidable dimensions. It has been joined by practically every newspaper of importance in the country (many of the newspapers perhaps also being not unmindful of their private fight with the President, whom they accuse of seeking power, under the

industrial code to be applied to the newspaper business, to withhold publication licences from any periodicals which may technically violate the code's provisions).

Finally, it is enlisting the upper middle class, which still has savings, and which envisages with dismay the prospect of the virtual halving of its remaining capital through the adoption of a "fifty-cent. dollar."

There is, of course, another side to the picture. Dispatches from Washington tend to give the impression that the currency policy of the United States is in the hands of theorists, of slightly eccentric professors.

This, to a considerable extent, is true; but it must be remembered that these theorists have as yet done nothing that in any way offends the millions upon millions of Americans who have no longer any thing to lose, who have long since mortgaged their homes and hypothecated their life assurance policies, and who care remarkably little whether the dollar is to have a gold value of fifty cents, or ten cents, or no gold value at all, so long as they are going to be provided with jobs that will furnish them food, clothing and shelter.

Almighty Dollars

Beyond these millions there stand still other millions with only a little money, or with not very remunerative jobs. The American temperament is such that these people do not worry overmuch about halving the value of their little savings, if in return there is to be prosperity again, with a chicken in every pot and a car in every garage.

They want to get back into the Stock Market, to get a little action and jazz into their lives.

Scarcely any members of these classes have even the most rudimentary understanding of monetary theory or of international exchanges. They have never in their lives handled any other money than dollars; it worries them not at all that it now takes 5.20 dollars to buy a pound, instead of 3.20 a year ago. What interests them is what the dollar buys at the local grocery store or from the local boot-legger; and as yet the internal purchasing power of the dollar has not diminished.

Retail prices have no more risen than they have in England since the abandonment of the gold standard two years ago.

From the President's point of view the failure of prices (wholesale prices, at least) to rise as the dollar falls is doubtless disconcerting. The consuming public doesn't mind. Mr. Roosevelt may perceive that unless he can somehow raise all prices—the price of labour as well as that of commodities—little progress will be made toward shifting the

debt burden upon his people. That the man in the street cheerfully comments, is his funeral!

There begins to take form, then, the balance-sheet according to which the President must make his next move. As yet his political position is practically impregnable. He is *persona grata* to the overwhelming mass of the people, and he cannot, as could a European Prime Minister, be removed from office by a "no confidence" vote should Congressional sentiment turn against him.

His problem is the relatively simplified one of judging whether on balance it would be advisable to make his peace with the business community by stabilizing the dollar at a lower gold content; or whether to accept their challenge and eventually, if necessary, carry the "new deal" to lengths undreamed-of six months ago—or even last week.

Either course would be quite practicable for him. He could—and he has the power to do so—announce a stabilisation of the dollar at 50 cents gold; and inform the public that in time the drop

from the present value of 63.5 cents would probably bring about a return to the 1926 price and wage level. The public would not howl: it would just wait and see.

Or he could say, in effect, to the bankers: "You won't buy Government bonds? Then the Government itself will sell them over the counter; and while we're about it we'll put the Government into the banking business as well." Americans, with vivid memories of the bank failures since 1929, would shed few tears over that.

Which course will he prefer? It is doubtful whether the President himself knows that at this moment. But if one gives him credit for sincerity (and none of his attackers has yet denied him that quality) it is a reasonably safe assumption that his ultimate action will be taken with a view to what he conceives to be the interests of the man in the street—the "forgotten man"—and that even an apparent temporary victory for the bankers and industrialists will very likely turn out to be a Pyrrhic one.

The Protection of Our Trade A New Scheme Tried Out

By Lt.-Commander Kenneth Edwards R.N. (Retd.)

A WORLD wide application of the convoy system of trade protection is impracticable since it would bring trade almost to a standstill and demand a greater number of escorting ships than would ever be available. For this reason the Admiralty have evolved a supplementary system. This goes by the name of "evasive route-ing" and consists of sailing individual merchant ships at different times and on divergent courses.

Shipping will be so scattered that a raider will have to search far and wide for her prey, while she will be unable to destroy a large amount of shipping in a short time. The operation of the system naturally calls for close co-operation between the Navy and the mercantile marine, and it will involve delay and extra fuel consumption.

This system of evasive route-ing is designed for the open ocean, while the convoy system will operate in narrow waters and in the vicinity of the focal points of trade. In its adoption one cannot but see an admission that our naval strength is insufficient for the adequate protection of our overseas communications.

Evasive route-ing was tried out some months ago in an exercise in the Mediterranean, the results of which have just been divulged by the Admiralty. The trade route in question—from Malta to Corfu—was too short to allow of wide dispersion of the destroyers representing merchant ships, and five of them were "mopped up" by the raiders in the 36 hours duration of the exercise.

The raiding squadron on this occasion con-

sisted of one battle cruiser, two 8 inch guns, and one 6 inch gun cruisers, and six submarines (which were only used for reconnaissance), while the defence of the trade was entrusted to a force of three battleships, two 8 inch gun cruisers, four 6 inch gun cruisers, two flotillas of destroyers, and an aircraft carrier. In addition to destroying five merchant ships, the raiders inflicted damage to this much stronger force to the extent of sinking two 6 inch gun cruisers, two destroyers, and the aircraft carrier and seriously damaging one battleship, while they themselves escaped without loss.

Here is indeed food for thought—a large force proving unable to defend a trade route only some 300 miles in length for a mere 36 hours, and suffering serious losses in the attempt. This should bring home to us the magnitude of the task of protecting the 85,000 miles of our Empire trade routes for months and perhaps years.

The exercise demonstrated in no uncertain manner the truth that the dice are always loaded in favour of a raiding squadron, whose policy is always to evade action; and that to hunt down a raider a large force of effective ships is necessary, having a speed at least equal to that of the raiders. It also showed that to attempt to defend trade with inferior cruisers is suicide.

But, with powerful ships, it is still numbers—numbers—numbers that we must have in cruisers. If six cruisers, strongly supported, cannot defend 300 miles of trade route, how are 49 to defend 85,000 miles—as well as meet fleet and Empire defence requirements?

PUNCH — — and Lady Houston

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

SOME weeks back—becoming suddenly violent like a *mouton enragé*—“Evoe”—the Editor of *Punch*—attacked a “Daughter of the Jews” for having written some rhymes that offended him. Up and down the whole page of *Punch* he chased the poor girl—with the full force of his superior Kultur—with a “K”—and the SATURDAY REVIEW was held up to scorn for having printed these verses.

His classical quotations were terrific—never from one page have I learnt so much. In fact, I have felt quite superior myself ever since.

But when “Evoe” fights you must not retaliate, for “Evoe” is a High Brow and after the manner of High Brows he delights in dragging down and pulling to pieces, but—also after the manner of High Brows—he cannot abide retaliation—that is only done by common people, and the readers of *Punch* will be amused to know that “Evoe” did not dare fulfil one of the unwritten laws of respectable journalism and print the mild—timid—remonstrance—which I give here.

LADY HOUSTON ANSWERS “EVOE”

DEAR “EVOE,”

Don’t you think you are a bit hard—and even—perhaps—I will not say unkind—but just a teeny, weeny bit—severe—on this Daughter of the Jews?

There is an adage—“To know all is to forgive all”—and when you wrote your devasta-

ting condemnation of poor R. M. B.’s rhymes—you could not have understood the reason for her glad and enthusiastic praises—which appeared so foolish and far-fetched to your scholarly mind. She had just read in the *Evening Standard*, and again in the *National Review*—my jesting rejoinder to the Cartoonist Low—who depicted me as Britannia in Sir Oswald Mosley’s political parlour—in company with an animal which had the body of a dachshund and the head of a lion—and just because I good-humouredly chaffed Low about this—with the words, “Sir Oswald Mosley wears a black shirt, but mine is red, white and blue. His lion is made in Germany; my lioness is British through and through”—this Jewish maiden—taking these words as a disapproval of Hitler’s drastic demolition of the Jews in Germany—wrote the verses you so scathingly criticise!

Have a heart—dear “Evoe”—don’t be too down on this Daughter of Israel—for in using your big guns and poison gas over so trivial a matter—you are rather harsh—and—dare I say it?—*very silly*.

LUCY HOUSTON.

P.S.—I am fain to confess that when I saw the importance given by the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW to these rhymes—blushes mantled my damask cheeks and I felt really embarrassed—but I always have been too modest—that is my greatest failing.

GEORGE ROBEY—

**The Most Amusing
and Patriotic Actor**



During the war he worked untiringly and collected immense sums of money for our soldiers. He is a true Briton and we are proud of him.

The Lighter Side of War

A Military Pooh-Bah and His Pay

By Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley

SHAKESPEARE tells us that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and though that may be an exaggeration, it is remarkable how the introduction of something out of the common in your official requisition for any article required by yourself, your officers, or the men of your Battalion, will so often be the cause of its swift despatch by the Powers that be.

It has the same effect in peace as in war time. It must of course never be sarcastic or funny, or in the least degree impudent, but just a soldier-like straightforward request, embracing if necessary a pen-picture of any disaster that may have occurred, and a mute appeal for help.

For instance when my uncle Colonel Napier Sturt, commanded the Grenadier Guards, his Mess tent was blown down and torn in pieces by a violent gale which sprang up during the night at Pirbright. He wired Ordnance, "Like the Veil of the Temple my Mess tent has been rent in twain. Kindly supply another," and got a new one by "return of post." That is a peace example.

Now let us take some war ones. When I was rushed down to Lewes at the commencement of the Great War, and found 10,010 men there, and only eight officers, I naturally had to fulfill more than one duty. Later on the Pay Department claimed that I had received £16 4s. more than my rank (a major) entitled me to, and requested a re-fund. I replied that as I had on September 4th commanded the Welch regiment in the morning, the East Lancashire Regiment in the afternoon, and paid the Liverpool Regiment in the evening, thereby creating a World's Record, I respectfully claimed the full pay of two Colonels, and one Paymaster. I heard no more about it.

The Sacred Indent

On another occasion Captain Dill, now a distinguished General, rang up the War Office for stationery. It was promised on receipt of an indent. "And what is an indent, I've never heard of it. Is it an Italian word?" said Dill, and rang off. The Clerk at the other end of the phone doubtless thinking that no officer under the rank of Field-Marshal would dare to speak of such a sacred thing as an "indent" in such terms, forwarded just over two tons of stationery in the guard's van on the first available train. Having no transport this was brought up to the H.Q. Office from Lewes in Captain Bertie Clerk's Rolls Royce, packed to capacity in two trips.

One evening Captain Aspinall (now Brig-General Aspinall) Lord Kitchener's G.S.O. III., came down to see how we were getting on. I took him round the town on a beautifully warm September evening of 1914. I have already said that there were 10,010 men in Lewes, and 8

officers, and there were no Military Police. We did not come across one single drunken or disorderly man. That evening some of the Welch (Cardiff) Battalion came and sang on the steps of the Town Hall, just opposite our hotel. We went on to the balcony to hear them.

After they had sung "God Save the King," Aspinall stepped forward, and raising his hand for silence said, "If you men fight as well as you sing, God help the Germans." It was exactly the right thing to say. I suggested it. (My trumpeter died last night.)

The only case on record, since the time of Our Lord, in which a man has risen from the dead, came under my notice in September 1916. An attack had been ordered, with the object of pinning and containing the Bulgarians on our front so as to prevent them going to the assistance of their comrades who were defending Monastir, etc. Hence the battle of Machukavo. Nothing more clearly denotes the magnitude of the Great War than the fact that here was a battle in which the British suffered the remarkable proportion of practically 40 per cent. casualties, namely 586 out of a total of 1,484 engaged, and yet, in mentioning it to a friend after the War, he said, "Oh I thought Machukavo was a kind of artichoke."

Buried and Still Alive

After the fight I noticed my servant's identity disc and A.B. 64 which had been brought in with many others by our stretcher bearers, and asked particularly about him. Yes, they recollect him perfectly. They had buried him under eighteen inches of earth, and then, remembering the wolves, had re-interred him under 2 feet of soil, and that was that.

Some weeks afterwards, having sent his disc, etc., to the A.G. Base, we received a letter from him from the Hospital at Salonica asking that his correspondence and kit should be forwarded. I never found out what happened to him afterwards, but he may of course have swum back via the Mediterranean, to Blackpool, where he came from. After all, if he could rise from the dead and walk forty-two miles to Salonica, why not? It is easy for any human being to be inaccurate, but an identity disc taken from a man's neck, and an A.B. 64 from his pocket, cannot lie. Besides the stretcher bearers knew him well by sight.

With reference to the wolves I have mentioned, they were the most gigantic and ferocious looking brutes I ever saw. They used to hunt in packs and were doubtless attracted by the smell of the dead bodies, and many a wounded and helpless soldier on both sides must have been eaten alive before the arrival of the stretcher bearers. Any body buried in a shallow grave they would dig up with their claws.

Why Dog Shows are Booming

The Growth of a Great Industry

By A. Croxton Smith

UNTOLD thousands of years have passed since primitive savages first tamed wolf cubs, and no one can say at what period of the world's story the wild animals, beginning to assume different forms, branched off into distinct breeds and varieties. Fossil remains show that there were dogs big and little, varying in type, 10,000 years ago or more. The men who could achieve these distinctions by selective breeding probably had more intelligence than is usually conceded to them.

They worked so successfully that when the Pharaohs stepped into the pages of history over 3,000 years before the Christian Era small pets existed as well as hounds and greyhounds. The ancient Greeks coursed the hare with greyhounds much as we do, and had no liking for those who compassed her destruction with snares and nets. The sporting spirit is not a product of modernity.

All this, however, is remote from present-day affairs, and may merely serve as a preamble for showing that in our doggy tastes we are the inheritors of the ages. We are also carrying on the traditions of our forefathers, for the British have always been a race of dog lovers, whether of those that ministered to our sporting instincts or the little creatures that amused our leisure. In one respect we have acted as pioneers, being the first to hold dog shows and field trials.

How It All Began

That first dog show at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1859, limited though it was in scope, had far-reaching consequences, starting a fashion that has spread throughout the civilised world. Until then little serious attention had been given to the breeding of dogs other than hounds and gundogs, which had been cherished with care for countless generations. The Newcastle show was restricted to pointers and setters. Birmingham a few months later was more ambitious, and in a few years all that were sufficiently distinctive to be called breeds were brought in, and the general public began to take a hand in the game.

Why was the new pursuit welcomed so warmly by large numbers? I suspect the explanation is to be found in the inborn taste for animal breeding that is a tradition of the British. Dogs were a cheap and convenient medium for gratifying this inherited inclination, all grades of society, from the working man to the peer, having the opportunity of occupying their leisure with a hobby that brought profit to some and interest to all.

Show were the means of enabling them to compare the results of their efforts, and incidentally they achieved the secondary object of promoting a better understanding between people of diverse views and different social standing. Dog showing

is one of the most democratic of sports, men and women being esteemed more for their ability than for the cut of their coats or the addresses at which they live.

The longer I live the more convinced I am of the desirability of encouraging the breeding and exhibiting of the smaller animals as a form of recreation. Those who are engaged in it add stability to the national life. It brings contentment and happiness to untold thousands at a minimum of cost. Perhaps it does more than that by fostering friendships with other nationals. Dog showing now is universal among civilised peoples; our leading shows are visited as a matter of course by Americans and Europeans of every country, and we reciprocate by attending theirs. Looked at commercially, the export trade in dogs is by no means insignificant, the exchanges on the whole being greatly to our advantage.

Powers of the Kennel Club

The expansion of dog showing has been coincident with the growing power of the Kennel Club. In the early days certain abuses were inevitable, and by 1873 the necessity of having a governing body to frame rules and supervise conduct became apparent. The club was then established at the instance of the late Mr. S. E. Shirley, Member of Parliament and country gentleman. It was only by degrees that it was able to strengthen its position to such an extent that eventually in 1904 it assumed supervision of all shows.

Thence onwards progress was continuous until checked by the outbreak of war. Pessimists imagined that the restrictions upon breeding imposed by the condition of the food supplies would put an end to our activities, and no one foresaw that with the return of peace the sport would embark upon an era of unexampled prosperity.

An index of this prosperity is afforded by the number of show dogs registered at the Kennel Club. Under 20,000 in 1914, it has since approached 60,000, the peak year being 1927. The state of the national finances produced a marked reaction in 1930, but in the last twelve months there has been an all-round recovery, and portents suggest that within a short time the 1927 record will be surpassed.

Students of social customs may seek to ascertain the reason for this remarkable influx of new exhibitors, among whom women are in a pronounced majority. Partly, no doubt, it is attributable to the desire of men to forget as soon as possible the horrors of war, and, as for the women, may it not be said of them that the outlook of the younger generation has changed completely? No longer content with the dull routine that satisfied their mothers, they insist upon some occupation that will afford an outlet for their energies.

SHORT STORY

Natural Causes

By George Godwin

MAJOR GENERAL BARFIELD, C.S.I., once did an evil thing in that he wrongly accused his servant, Hossain, of poisoning his curry.

The evidence was purely circumstantial, and Hossain had vehemently protested his innocence. He had been convicted and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment.

Although he accepted this fate with stoic calm, a certain expression flashed into his dark and luminous eyes.

A policeman, standing near the dock, remarked, as he left the court, that Hossain had also spoken —had spoken in a quiet, reedlike voice the words *Sahib mur giah*, the Sahib is dead.

Told of this, Major Barfield, as he then was, merely shrugged. Even so, just a little ice touched his heart, for he knew the East.

Twenty years buried this episode deep under the dust of memory. But though time may wash away rocks, it can do no more than cover fear with the silt of forgetfulness, a merciful covering that may be removed by events.

The fact that weighed most with General Barfield when he received the offer from Judge Widderless was the possibility thus conjured up of once more tasting a *real* curry.

Judge Widderless wrote offering the services of Abdul, his servant, an able and trustworthy Mohammedan whom he was obliged to leave in England.

The Maker of Curry

So it was that Abdul, clad in his long, white *chapkhan*, his dark bearded head set off by the white coils of his pugree, alighted from the London train to excite the curiosity of the idlers of Little Harbledon.

So it was, too, that a pursuing past caught up with a tranquil present, as happens more often than we care to admit in life.

Abdul listened to the orders of the new Sahib, as the General detailed with characteristic precision his wishes and ways.

"All shall be as the Sahib says" he said softly. The curry should be made by his hands and his hands alone.

That evening Abdul began his duties.

"*Ap ka. Curry, Sahib,*" he announced, sliding out of the shadows of the candle-lit dining room of the old manor house, the heaped silver dish between his two white-gloved hands.

General Barfield heaped his plate:

"A real curry at last!" he exclaimed. "Honest curry, my dear," he added, addressing his wife.

In the shadows, silent because bare-footed, moved Abdul, the perfect servant, the recommended of Judge Widderless.

After dinner the General retired, as was his habit, to his library where a great fire blazed in the ancient open hearth. He felt at peace with all the world. That curry had been perfect!

Not another man in the county could boast a *pukka* Mohammedan servant, egad, or put up for his guests such a curry as that.

It was as the General sat thus in pleasant reverie, warmed by the curry, by the fire, by the whisky at his elbow, that he became aware of several things at once.

The first was that he was not alone. Yet he could have sworn that he had shut the door: that nobody had since opened it.

He next became aware that his bald head was beaded with sweat, that a prickling sensation, the reflex of fear, was stinging him from head to foot.

He never knew just how it came about, but Abdul suddenly stood before him where a moment ago there had been nobody.

General Barfield sat bold upright, gripping the arms of his chair.

Then, suddenly, he understood.

Circumstance had scattered the debris from Memory and Fear was exposed.

The patience of the East! Its unforgiving memory!

"You are—Hossain?" he rasped, his throat suddenly dry.

Twenty Years Ago

"It is twenty years," the immobile figure reminded him. "Yes, Sahib, I am Hossain. That is my name. Hossain. A good Mohammedan and no killer of men."

General Barfield tried to move, but now fierce pains shot through his rigid limbs. His temples thudded, so that it seemed as though the room were filled with noise.

One word issued from his lips:

"Poisoned!" he gasped, and the fear of death, a vast, dark curtain, descended upon him.

"Twenty years ago, Sahib—no. But to-night yes." Hossain spoke in quiet and even tones, and the fire flashed back from his sombre eyes.

Then, in a slow, sing-song voice Abdul, who was Hossain, added:

"*Sahib mur giah*, which means: the Sahib is dead.

It was then that the General uttered a faint, distressed sound, gasped, and fell forward.

"*Sahib mur giah*, repeated Hossain, backing away, "*Sahib mur giah*."

The Inquest was brief and formal.

General Barfield, said the Doctor, had been apoplectic and thus was liable to die suddenly at any moment. Particularly would this danger be great after a hearty meal. And the General, on the evening of his death, had partaken of a very hearty allowance of curry.

But for caution's sake, and because his widow had made a point of it, the autopsy had been conducted with meticulous care.

He added, in reply to the Coroner, that there appeared to be no reason to suspect the Indian servant, despite his sudden disappearance, since

the curry he had prepared for his master had been analysed and found to be innocent of any poisonous substance.

It was three days after the Coroner's jury had brought in their verdict of death from natural causes that Mrs. Barfield received a reply to her letter.

It came as she sat at breakfast, with the pale English winter sunshine, so reassuring and common place, glinting upon the table silver.

When she had read it twice, she put it down. Already she knew its contents by heart:

"There is, quite obviously, some mistake," it ran, "since Judge Widdersheds died rather more than two years ago."

"With regard to the prisoner Hossain, about whom you enquire, I can add, on the authority of a cable just to hand, that this man died in prison, strangely enough, on the day upon which his sentence, one of twenty years, expired.

"That day, by a coincidence even stranger, I note, was that upon which your lamented husband died."

Mrs. Barfield roused herself.

Instinctively, she glanced over her shoulder. But she was alone. The fire burned brightly, the sun came wanly in through the great windows.

But she shivered.

The odour of curry lingered on the air.
Or was that some trick of the imagination?

"The Grandest Sport on Earth"

By "Fish-Hawk"

JUST when in the world's history men first began to practice the art of falconry, it is well-nigh impossible to tell: but authentic records are extant of its existence in Persia some 400 years B.C. Formerly it enjoyed an extensive vogue in England and other parts of Europe, but the invention of gunpowder dealt it a severe blow from which it has never recovered. In India, Arabia and I believe parts of China it is still extensively practised, but in modern England its devotees number no more than a scant half hundred.

In these days when we are besought to become "air minded" there seems to be a revival of this magnificent sport on the horizon. That anyone can fail to be thrilled by the sight of a falcon stooping at its quarry seems incomprehensible, while for speed, air-mastery and beauty of execution the whole performance is unapproachable.

Some people seem to think that falconry is a cruel sport, but the hawk is one of Nature's checks on overpopulation, and game is far less disturbed by the sight of their natural enemy, than by being shot at.

Actually it is far less cruel than shooting, for a hawk leaves no wounded birds to die in the hedge-rows, or to be harried to death by the carrion crows.

Come with us this fine September morning as with falcon on fist, we follow Donald with his setters to the moor for a flight at grouse. Donald knows a spot where the crowberries are thick and ripe and where therefore we are almost certain to find a grouse or two. A gesture of the hand and the dogs range forward, quartering the ground and finally backing each other at a point a hundred yards ahead.

Now it is up to us.

Off hood, a quick glance to see the bells and jesses are in order, and we throw our hawk up. Swiftly she mounts to her pitch a full hundred yards or more above our heads and hangs there eagerly scanning the ground below. As she mounts, we too have advanced towards the dogs. A swift glance aloft to see that the falcon is well placed, and we take the last few yards with a rush and a shout. Up get the grouse, away like hown streaks across the moor! never mind them look up!

Wings half closed our falcon gives chase; her wings seem to flicker and she comes down on a steep slant travelling fully 150 miles an hour. "Swoosh!" Thump!! a cloud of feathers and a grouse hurtles dead into the heather, its neck broken by that deadly foot stroke. But watch, the falcon has thrown up after her stoop and finding herself once more above her game she stoops again and kills a second bird as swiftly and humanely as the first, then banking steeply she descends upon her quarry.

Donald will recover the first bird while we make in to the falcon and take her up on our glove, rewarding her by allowing her to eat the heads of the slain. Then we replace the hood, and if other hawks are with us give them a trial as chance affords.

If grouse are not available partridges will afford excellent sport in suitable country, while duck and other game will try your hawks powers to the uttermost.

But before any man can become even a moderate falconer he has many a hard lesson to learn, and above all else must be possessed of infinite patience.

Once a falconer always a falconer is a true axiom, and to those who have seen it practised, falconry has an appeal such as no other sport that I know can rival.

Criminal Cookery

The Curse of the Railway Restaurant

By Anthony Praga

AMONG the more active of the curses that now beset our misgoverned nation we have to count bad food; I mean the food that we pay for in Restaurants, in Hotels, and in Railway dining-cars.

All over London, all over England, there are to-day vast and vulgar palaces of malnutrition where everything is obtainable save a square meal. Places where the music is as cheap as the meat, and even staler. Places where the empty-bellied go because they are empty-headed. And they are not filled; only stuffed with dishes of which the names are to the ordinary man incomprehensible and the ingredients indescribable. There you will see them every day in pasty-faced hordes—unfortunates without taste devouring food without flavour.

Why should this be? How comes it that so many hundreds of thousands of English men and women submit almost with enthusiasm to the martyrdom of their stomachs and the robbing of their pockets?

It was not always so. There were days when a man might dine reasonably on reasonable food—when our meat and our bread and our vegetables were direct products of the earth on which we live, and not quasi-comestibles conjuring tricks served up out of alien cans to the accompaniment of aboriginal sex-rhythms.

Dickens Explains

I dare to suggest an explanation, a theory, even if it be superficial, that may account for our decadence in the great matter of healthy eating. Like many other illuminating things, I got the idea from the works of Mr. Charles Dickens.

Writing of the old coaching inns, he says this:

He who would see these houses pining away, let him walk from Basingstoke, or even Windsor, to London . . . and moralise on their perishing remains; the stables crumbling to dust; unsettled labourers and wanderers bivouacking in the outhouses . . . a little ill-looking beer-shops shrinking in the tap of former days . . . having one of its two windows bunged up, as if it had received punishment in a fight with the Railroad . . . the new Railway-house of these times near the dismal country-station, with nothing particular on draught but cold air and damp, nothing worth mentioning in the larder but new mortar, and no business doing beyond a conceited affectation of luggage in the hall. . . .

Third-Class Dinners

There is the point: when travel became easy with the rise of the Railway, the old concepts of warmth and comfort and sound feeding faded and perished, save in those places that cater for the very rich. Third-class dinners came in with third-class carriages. Third-class carriages are a boon. Third-class dinners are a curse.

The result is that to-day, the fare at the average hotel would disgrace a city eating house of the time of Dickens.

But when we come to the food served to us by the Railway itself, then does the heart burn in every sense of the word, and our souls, together with our insides, turn bitter.

Consider a Railway luncheon or dinner, for which we pay 3s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. Contemplate the inescapable masses of moist flaccidity called fish, the glairy swamp of tinted namelessness labelled soup, the warm, stringy brown paper masked as mutton or beef, that defies the palate to analyse it into either.

Dwell in memory upon the superannuated cheese, the valitudinarian biscuits, the wilted and exhausted water-cress.

And the potatoes. Either they come to you in a casing of fatty, indigestible crust (in which instance they are called "Roast"), or else they appear as disintegrating nodules of tepid and tasteless starch, when they are called "boiled,"—a kind of vegetable wart.

A Gastronomic Swindle

There is no excuse for any of this. It is mere gastronomic double-dealing, culinary false pretences.

This nation and its Empire can and does produce foods of the first quality. So do other nations. Yet with us some terrible and mysterious blight falls upon those foods before they fall upon our plates.

You can eat decently in a French train, or a cheap French Restaurant. The only decent eating place in England for the man of small means is a pub—and our rulers see to it that he cannot be served with either meat or drink there save at arbitrary intervals.

Were he writing about it to-day, the business would defeat even the humour of Dickens.

Bad cooking should be made a statutory offence. It is a form of poisoning as dangerous as arsenic.

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Sport in the Mountains

How to Enjoy the Thrills of Winter

By Erskine Seymour

THE prospect of a visit to the mountains at Christmas time does not interest every one.

I was quite unable to appreciate why a couple of boards and a snow covered hill could provoke the wildest enthusiasm in so many people. And had I been able to change my plans I would certainly not have started on my first Winter visit to Switzerland. I knew it in the Summer, and I could imagine nothing as good.

I further decided that if I did go I would spend my time playing ice hockey, and dancing on the ice. However, I spent my first morning on Ski—if "on" describes it adequately. And from that moment until we returned I only went to skate on one occasion. I had come home too early for lunch, and had to fill in an odd half hour. I can honestly say I never enjoyed a fortnight so much.

But there are a lot of things which it is well to consider before making any plans. It is usual for many English people to leave for Switzerland before Christmas. Some spend Christmas at home, and go out for the New Year. School holidays and similar factors leave little choice of dates. But Christmas is early to be certain of snow at even the higher centres.

Make Sure of Snow

Not many years, it is true, is there not some snow to be found at any centre by Christmas Day. But if you have to go out before the second week in January it is well to choose some fairly high village, and even to make certain that a railway of some sort exists to take you to higher slopes.

The Engadine is a fairly safe choice for Christmas time. If you have no snow there, you can feel certain that very few other places will have it. The general altitude of these centres is about 6,000 feet. And they cater for all tastes.

Pontresina at one end is as pleasantly situated as it could be. There are hotels of all varieties, from the Schloss and Kronenhof downwards. It would cost rather over a pound a day at either of these establishments for accommodation and meals. The Second Class return fare, which means Third Class in the excellent Swiss trains, is about £13. First Class is £5 10s. more return, and a Wagon Lit will cost between £2 10s. Second Class and £3 5s. and upwards extra First Class, according to the distance travelled. So that there would not be much change in £30 at the end of a fortnight when travel and hotel bills had been covered.

There will be other expenses, such as meals on the train. There will probably be a small charge for the Kurverein, the village Committee which provides for the comfort and entertainment of the visitors. Afternoon tea may be extra. There will be local railway fares, membership of the local Ski Club, and the Ski Club of Great Britain if you are proposing to become proficient.

There are of course cheaper hotels. But my experience has been that the amount saved is out of proportion to the difference in accommodation, entertainment and convenience.

Pontresina is well situated, with a diversity of tours, and plenty of accommodation for those who do not wish to venture far. Near by is Celerina, a smaller centre where the expense would be less and the situation very little different.

Hôtels at St. Moritz

Then comes St. Moritz. The Palace Hotel is known the world over, and is filled with wealthy and distinguished patrons from all countries. Suvretta Haus is well away from the town in its own grounds, and is very popular with English people. And the Kulm Hotels at the other end of the town are the centre of the sporting life.

Usually the Oxford and Cambridge Ski teams stay here, and it is near the start of the famous "bob" run, and the "Cresta." The minimum rates at any of these hotels would at least cost £3 per week more than those I quoted at Pontresina. There are again many smaller hotels. But those who think of visiting St. Moritz must remember that they are really going to a city. All the most fashionable shops of Paris and London, and even traffic policemen, are to be found.

Where to Learn Quickly

Mürren is, of course, well known in England, and as it stands at about 5,500 ft. is a good choice for an early holiday. It is the centre where any talent you have will be developed quickly. The Lone Tree Club for beginners and the Kandahar for the expert will see to that. They teach you to take slopes straight. The hotel need not be more than £6 per week, and the Second Class fare is under £11.

At Christmas the safest centre in the Bernese Oberland is Scheidegg, which is situated at 6,800 feet. From it you descend to Grindelwald or Wengen by any of a varied number of routes, and the train brings you back to start again in the morning. It is a centre for the hardened enthusiast, and the cost is about £1 per day.

The University Sports will be held this year at Sestrières, the new Italian centre, at 6,600 feet with cable railway taking you to slopes at 8,600 feet. Snow is reputed to be certain from November to May. And it has a hotel built like a lighthouse on a circular foundation at which you can stay for about £4 per week, and the Second Class return fare is £10 7s. 6d. There are two other hotels, of which the Grand Hotel Principi di Piemonte corresponds with the best hotels at St. Moritz.

Hounds, Gentlemen ! A book for all sorts of Fox-Catchers

SURTEES and Whyte-Melville wrote the first and the last words about horses, riders, hounds and hunting. But there are not fewer ways of composing the sentences that run between the first word and the last than there are of constructing tribal lays.

And, so long as the smell of a winter wood, the shrewd bite of a winter wind, the glory of a gallop, the thrill of a double oxer or a post and rails, the excitement which spreads like a blessed contagion from fox to hounds, from hounds to horses, and from horses to men—so long as these high matters hold dominion in England, there will always be room for books about hunting.

A Man Who Knows

For the author of such a book, give me the man who knows, and Mr. Cecil Aldin is pre-eminently the man who knows. He is also, as we all know, the man who makes his sport live on canvas. It so happens, also, that he writes quite well—or quite well enough to counsel and instruct, to keep interest alive, and to stir every wholesome memory and hope. So we have a new book which is valuable as well as delightful.

He writes particularly for the young man who wants to become that respected autocrat, the Master of Foxhounds, and, as he rightly says, if this life's journey be taken *via* beagles and harriers, why none the worse, and, perhaps, so much

the better. But, really, he writes for all who love horses, hounds and hunting; for those who ride to hounds, for those who have ridden to hounds, and for those who wish they had ever had a chance of riding to hounds. Age and experience can still learn a lot from Cecil Aldin, and youth could have no better instructor.

Horses, Hounds and the Rest

Horses, hounds, kennels, fields, horsemanship, how to hunt, where to cast, when to stop, what to buy; expenses, management, tact, firmness, clothes, boots, saddlery (with an extra dose of split infinitives!), keepers, shooting tenants (with rather too much prejudice; why expect the keeper, who has to rear pheasants, who wants his woods quiet, to be more than benevolently neutral to the hunt which disturbs his coverts and plunges hock-deep about his rides or more than just in his dealings with the predatory fox?), committees, field-masters, farmers, cubs, and young hounds—it is all here.

The sense of it is here, the human interest of it, the burden and care and joy of it. And the thrill, the surging abandonment of thrill which rushes to a man's throat as his horse quivers to the note of a horn and they are away at the tail of hounds across a good grass country; this thrill, which can for the time turn the meek to the mighty and the poltroon to the thruster, is mirrored in every perfect illustration and cast on every enthusiastic page.

Scarlet to M.F.H. By Cecil Aldin. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 25s.

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Autobiography of a Bohemian The Soul of the Tommy

QUALITY in literature, like class in a race-horse or Séve in wine, is a difficult thing to define. When I opened Henry Savage's book,* I thought for a moment that I had found a work of quality. I might still have found one had Mr. Savage been content to remain simple instead of launching into pretentiousness. Actually he has committed some appalling atrocities; such bilingual sentences as, "He was performing *comme habitude* at a party once in Cagnes," "I never observed him à la Boswell," and "One saw the chateau dignitaries informally enough, if not exactly *en pantouffles*," remind me of a silly old woman writing a letter.

Yet I enjoyed the book, which has its great moments. What can better describe the Tommy than this? "So she said to me, 'Bill, I want to put some flowers on my mother's grave, and will you come with me?' And I said 'Yes,' and when we got there she sits down on the grave and starts crying and wouldn't leave off. So I thought to myself there's only one thing for it, and afterwards she says, 'Bill,' if I'm in trouble after this it means the river for me.'"

Or again, when, while playing cards in a dug out, a corporal brought the news that Bulgaria had surrendered unconditionally. "—— But the dead silence of a mere fraction of time was broken by the sergeant who held the bank at the top of the table."

"Pronouncing the strongest possible expletive, as they do in Yorkshire, —— Bulgaria!" he exclaimed contemptuously, "Ah pays twenty-wan."

T. W. H. Crosland's Bill

The book is full of well known characters, Sammy Woods and Charlie Mills of the racing fraternity, Carpentier, Descamps, Edmund Gosse, Somerset Maugham, Monet, Rodin, Henri Bernstein, and a host of others.

There are some amusing stories of Julius Beerbohm, that undefeated scamp and brother of Sir Herbert Tree. T. W. H. Crosland, wanting to discount a publisher's bill for £270, went with Beerbohm to the City. Outside the Jew's office, Beerbohm persuaded him to let him negotiate the matter alone. On returning, "'No luck,' he said, with the air of one accustomed to the buffets of fortune, 'but I've left the bill with him; he thinks there may be a slight chance of getting it done elsewhere.'" It was a hot day, and Beerbohm forgetfully took off his hat to mop his brow. Out fell a wad of notes, which Crosland promptly put his foot on. Beerbohm was not in the least embarrassed!

* *The Receding Shore*. By Henry Savage. (Grayson and Grayson. 10s. 6d. with frontispiece.)

D.L.L.

Red and Raw

Paris Life at Top Pressure

DID Mr. Edward Knoblock write "The Love Lady" with his tongue—or at least the tip of his tongue—in his cheek? Did he perhaps say to himself: "They like life red and raw in these days and that's the stuff I'm going to give 'em?"

He has "given it to 'em" raw and red: but a little too red—or purple—to be convincing. His day in the life of cockney Thea, the Love Lady, is fierce. It depicts one phase of Paris life at top pressure. There are stolen emeralds, a swindling banker, a sculptor (terribly red and raw), Thea and another love lady, a gigolo, and an amorous French ex-cabinet minister, among others, all being raw and red and modern and callous. Still Mr. Knoblock juggles them cynically and adroitly into a quick-moving and very readable story.

But he must have had a lot of fun in doing it. He must have pondered: "Now what amazingly dramatic things could happen to an expensive demi-mondaine in wicked Paris?" and then invented them. But he could not keep some grim humour out of it, because he knew he was only making believe. So he evolved the end of Thea's financier-protector, Brookbank, and the way her protector-to-be, Lacombe, the ex-Minister, dealt with the corpse. That is really funny.

* *The Love Lady*. By Edward Knoblock. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. C.H.

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BOOTH'S
THE ONLY
Matured
DRY GIN

Old Bombay

The Cruel Toll of Mendham's Point

IN 1928, when the foundations were being dug for the new hall of the Bombay Legislative Council, quantities of human bones were unearthed. They were those of Englishmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who were buried in the old cemetery at Mendham's Point. Bombay in those days was terribly unhealthy: in 1702 a Captain-General, writing home to the Company, complains that sometimes the number of soldiers sent out "will not satisfy the craving of Mendham's above half one month."

The early history of Bombay is a fascinating study for any Englishman, but the material has been so thoroughly worked over that the discovery of anything new is hardly to be expected. The Hakluyt Society, which has done so much towards making known the work of the Empire's pioneers, is therefore much to be congratulated on its latest volume,* which contains a hitherto unpublished description of Bombay as it was in 1710-1712. The document was catalogued among the Orme manuscripts in the India Office, but was recorded as missing. Recently it was discovered in a separate volume, having been cut out from its place in the larger collection, and it is now published for the first time.

Elusive and Insolent

John Burnell, the writer of the document, is rather an elusive figure. Others of his name were in the service of John Company in the seventeenth century, but there is no evidence of any relationship. Our Burnell first appears in history as an ensign in command of one of the Bombay forts. He left for England in 1711, but got no farther than Madras, where he undertook some duties for the Company, but proved to be "an insolent offender and dismiser." In 1713 he designed a map of the world, which the Company bought for 200 rupees and presented to the Great Mogul.

His narrative takes the form of two long letters to his father, though the epistolary form is probably a convention of the period. When he wrote the fortunes of Bombay were at a low ebb. The quarrels between the old and new companies had only lately been composed; there were on the island some dozen civilians and fifty soldiers, and the settlement was exposed to enemies on all sides. Of this, however, Burnell tells us little, and to the modern reader the attraction of his narrative lies in the simple and almost naïve recording of the small things of life—the manners and customs of Hindus and Moors (as he calls the Moslems), and his and their tastes in food and drink. "Bombay Salmon" makes excellent breakfast meat; *pansu-pari* "fastens loose teeth, but to excess intoxicates." He indulged in a cup of toddy or palm wine on his early morning walks. About the same time, one remembers, Samuel Pepys was enjoying his breakfast quart of small ale on his way to the Admiralty.

*Bombay in the Days of Queen Anne. Published for the Hakluyt Society by Quaritch. 25s.

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A Gay New Opera

Naughty, but Always Delicate

By Herbert Hughes

WHEN Sir Thomas Beecham undertook to conduct "The Devil Take Her!" at the Royal College of Music a year or so ago he knew he was doing an unusually good thing. Arthur Benjamin's little opera had attracted him; the rehearsals were thoroughgoing, an extra performance was called, there were gallant speeches from Sir Hugh Allen and Beecham himself when it was all over, and eventually the work was passed over to Sadler's Wells.

My own feeling at the time—shared, I feel sure, by others—was that Mr. Benjamin would soon do something better, charming and effective as that first essay was. I have now had an opportunity of examining the score of his new, still-unpublished and unperformed work, and the advance on the earlier one is remarkable.

Compared with the new "Prima Donna" the first was but 'prentice work. In Mr. Cedric Cliffe's libretto he has a subject that is of the stuff of which real comedy is made, better in several ways than the earlier libretto and carried a good deal further along the road of naughty comedy towards farce without making the fatal mistake of becoming farce. The restraining hand is the composer's. You may have thoughts of Wycherley, of Goldoni, of Beaumarchais, of Sheridan, but the allusions (if any) will only amuse, and you will admit that Mr. Cliffe has a pretty gift of preposterous verse.

A Comedy of Intrigue

The scene is laid in eighteenth-century Venice. Florindo is a gay young gentleman, of habits so extravagant that his furniture has been seized by his creditors. When the curtain rises on the prologue—there is but a prologue and one act—he has just received a letter from his uncle the Count, a dissipated old roué whose heir he is. The uncle will be passing through Venice and would like to come and spend a night with him; would he be good enough to arrange a little dinner in his apartment and perhaps introduce him to his friend, the *prima donna* La Filomela?

In happier circumstances Florindo would have been charmed to entertain the amiable old rascal; but how can he explain his dismantled quarters, how entertain him when he is so broke? The heartless Filomela won't look at him now that he is hard-up. A nice fix. He confides in his friend, Alcino, and together they evolve a plan whereby they will arrange for a pretty chorus girl to impersonate the *prima donna*, get in some new furniture quickly by arrangement with a Jew dealer, and order a sumptuous banquet on tick.

So far the scheme is simple. It becomes involved when, owing to mutual deception on the part of the two friends, two ladies of the chorus turn up to impersonate the *prima donna*. And the ladies are rivals.

There is a nasty exchange of words between the two chorus ladies, leading to an excellent quartet as between the two young men and the two impersonators. The crisis of misunderstanding is at its height when the Count arrives, expecting to be instantly entertained. The two young ladies are bundled out of sight, and the supper party begins.

Presently the Count, who is dying to see, and hear, and make love to Filomela, calls out for that lady to be brought forth and begin her *aria*. With delightful dramatic license, both young ladies appear simultaneously and sing the famous *aria* in canon. The Count, inebriated, is convinced that he is not only seeing but hearing double.

The Part of the Waiting-Maid

It happens that neither of the two impersonating ladies has any intention of submitting to the old roué's embraces, and when he has been got out of the way for a moment the mendacious little waiting-maid dresses up as the *prima donna* Filomela and takes her place. The groggy Count is happy in his "conquest," and the other ladies pair off with their respective lovers. Crudely stated, that is the plot. Coarsely treated, with its business of glass doors and figures silhouetted and certain remarks of the ribald uncle, such a comedy would be at once *risqué* and boring.

Arthur Benjamin's touch is too delicate and refined and vivacious to have permitted that to happen. Nowhere is the score ponderous; the interest is light and continuous. Outstanding things are the trio sung in the Prologue by the two young gentlemen and the waiting-maid—a tongue-twisting business regarding the proposed menu for supper—a drinking song in which the Count takes part, the aforesaid *aria* in canon, and a ballet of pastry-cooks and furniture removers.

In any civilised country but England this brilliant little opera would be in the current repertory at once, and stay there. I suggest to Miss Baylis that she divorces "Cav" and "Pag" without consulting anybody—I refuse to believe that they are inseparable—and give the new "Prima Donna" a chance.

GEORG JENSON

Silversmith



15B, New Bond Street, London, W.1

Correspondence

The Next Indian Mutiny

SIR,—In November, 1929, when the Socialist Government was in power, I wrote to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and warned him that if he carried out the Socialist policy with regard to India there would be a mutiny of far greater magnitude than in 1857.

I have lived in India for 30 years and understand the peoples of it, and it troubles me greatly what will happen to those hapless multitudes if British Rule is withdrawn.

I was greatly interested to hear about Lady Houston equipping the Flight over Everest Expedition, as I lived in Darjeeling for many years, and my bungalow faced Kinchinjunga and Mount Everest, so I could realise what a stupendous undertaking it was.

For four years I have been gravely anxious about India, and now the Government seem to have a cynical disregard of what will become of those who draw pensions from India, as is the case of my daughter and myself.

CATHERINE STUART PEART.

10, Randolph Rd., Boscombe, Hants.

Winter Motor Oil

SIR,—Your motoring readers have many times been warned on high authority of the folly of using cheap oils in their cars. May I, as a motorist of many years' experience, bring to their notice another matter of almost equal moment—the importance of changing over, without delay, from summer to winter oil?

The modern mass-production car is almost foolproof, provided it is carefully handled. But there are still

many motorists who fail, either through ignorance or carelessness, to take even the most elementary precautions to ensure efficient running. It is to them that this letter is addressed.

Tests made officially by the R.A.C., the National Physical Laboratory and other bodies prove conclusively that the oil prescribed by the oil companies for winter use is infinitely more efficient and effective in cold weather than that which they prescribe for summer use. There is no excuse, therefore, for motorists who value their engines and batteries, failing to change over immediately from the one to the other if they have not already done so. Not to do this is the worst of false economy.

Which brand of oil they use is of secondary consideration; the chief thing is that they run off their summer oil right away, and fill up afresh.

CHARLES VIVIAN.

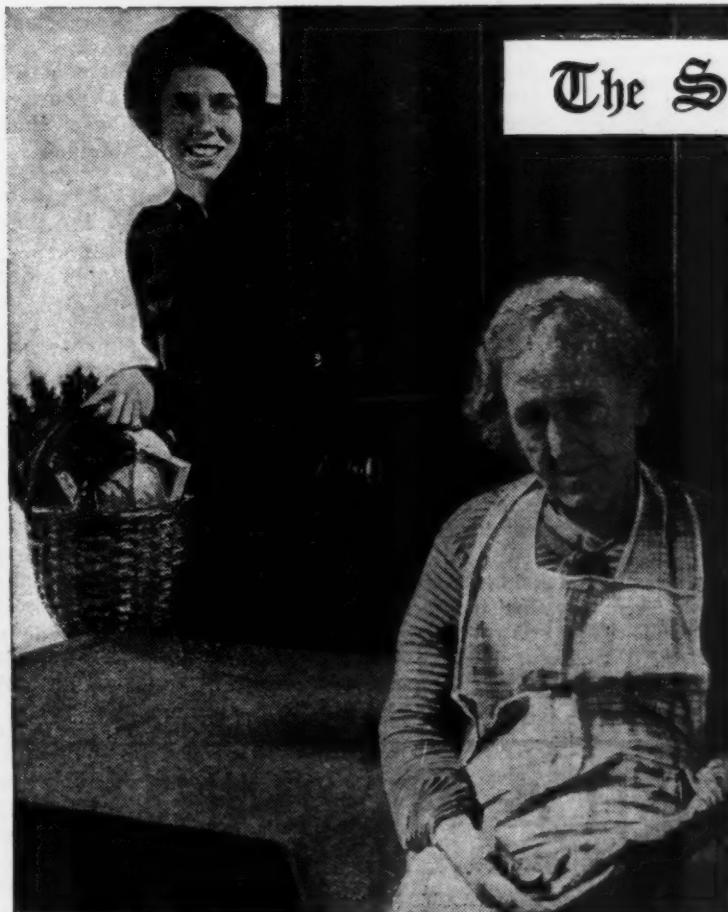
8, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4.

A Hint to Simple Sam

SIR,—Here is a suggestion by an unimportant ex-resident in India, i.e.:

To challenge in your valuable paper Sir Samuel Hoare, whose ignorance of India appears colossal, to go incognito to Madras, leaving his second-in-command to officiate in his absence there. There to act as an ordinary official and to study conditions first hand. Not to be granted special protection, but to take all risks run by three brave Englishmen who lie buried there. Contemplation of those graves might modify his views on the Indian Police question; one would not wish him to occupy a fourth. A refusal to be regarded as "showing the white feather." ANGLO-INDIAN.

London, W.1.



The Spirit of Christmas

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2/- provides a treat for one person. £50 provides for 500. Please send gifts to-day marked "Christmas Cheer," to General E. J. Higgins, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The
Salvation Army

Currencies and Trade

Pounds, Dollars, Francs, and Gold

[By Our City Editor]

FINANCIAL activity has naturally undergone some contraction as the result of the dollar and franc exchange uncertainties and though conditions at home continue to suggest improvement, the business community is still worried at the prospect of having to compete with America in markets where the depreciated dollar gives the United States manufacturer a big advantage.

Actually sharp halts in the rise in the dollar rate caused by Bear covering as the "sound money" group in America appeared to be gaining ground have given rise to some speculation as to whether the American depreciation policy will really be pursued to the last ditch, but the attitude of Congress must undergo a complete change by the time of its re-assembly for the President to dare to reverse his policy. It is far more likely that he will have to adopt more open methods of inflation. Meanwhile the British Exchange Equalisation Fund has been using its weight in support of the franc in order to prevent the full effects of the French political crisis from becoming apparent in the franc-sterling exchange to an extent calculated to drive France off the gold Standard, while reports of a London credit for Paris have been rife.

Though the Bank of France is in an extraordinarily strong position as regards gold reserves, such is the nervousness of French nationals and other holders of francs at present that the drain of gold from France has become a very large one. Meanwhile the price of gold has declined with the fall in the franc.

South American Banking

Rather better results are announced by the Bank of London and South America, gross earnings being higher in the past year than in 1931-32, while net profits amounted to £337,000 against £312,000. Gross profits were £1,324,000 for the year to September 30 last compared with £1,396,000, provision for bad and doubtful debts being met this year largely from revenue, whereas a year ago the whole amount was provided for from contingency reserve. The Board has met the shrinkage in revenues arising from the trade depression by substantial economies and the dividend of 3 per cent. for the year is again being paid. Deposits are shown to be higher this year at £42,738,000 compared with £41,368,000 at September 30, 1932, and advances at £20,187,014 also show some expansion from the total of £18,305,000 a year ago. Cash amounts to

£17,541,000 or 40 per cent. of deposits, a remarkably sound position, but one which still gives ample evidence of the meagre demands for banking facilities in South America as elsewhere. As the result of exchange depreciation, the rates taken being the official rates ruling at the date of the balance sheet, there is a capital depreciation of £581,000 which is covered by the contingency fund and altogether the report shows the beginnings of recovery in South American banking.

Tate and Lyle Profits

Tate and Lyle Ltd., the leading sugar refiners and manufacturers, report a net profit for the year to September 30 last of £633,361 after placing £50 to general reserve and writing off £250,000 from plant and machinery under the scheme of reconstruction of refineries. The profit for the previous year was £618,780 after allocations totalling £365,000 to reserves and depreciation. The final dividend is 1 per cent. higher this year making a total of 17 per cent. for the year, against 16 per cent., and the additional payment requires £34,000, the amount to be carried forward being about £16,000 lower at £48,973. The balance sheet shows a strong position with no less than £1,238,595 in cash. The company has a fine progressive record and the shares are regarded as one of the first-class industrials standing at about 77s. and yielding 4 8s. on the latest basis.

Crompton Parkinson Bonus

The shares of Crompton Parkinson Ltd., experienced a sharp rise last week in anticipation of improved results, but these proved disappointing to the market when announced, at least so far as the distribution was concerned. Profits were nearly £6,000 higher on the year at £102,187, but the preference capital ranking for dividend is larger this year and £34,988 is transferred to reserve, compared with £15,000 from the previous year's profits, so that the ordinary dividend is lowered from 2½ to 1½ per cent. It is, however, proposed to capitalise £9,988 of the reserve fund and distribute to holders of the ordinary shares one new "A" ordinary share for every twenty shares held leaving the reserve stronger by £25,000. The British Electric Transformer Company which is controlled by Crompton Parkinson has made a considerable recovery, the company earning a profit for the 9 months to September 30 last of £18,463 against a loss of £10,266 for the previous year.

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The Theatre

A SAD FARCE

How Tshekoff or Euripides would have tackled the Job

By PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE

THE modern drama is a long suffering Lady. Her garments, like poor old Columbine's, are beginning to show wear and tear from undue usage at every fancy dress ball. When she was young and beautiful she chose her swains carefully—they were born dramatists. Nowadays if you smoke through a long enough holder or call yourself Noel you can reel off plays at so many per day without the slightest regard for literature, interest or good taste.

Voltaire used to say that one must be either a genius or a copyist. Nowhere is this so true as in the theatre; and Shakespeare or Bacon, or whoever wrote the great Elizabethan plays kept very strictly to this rule. The best of them have poor, uninteresting plots, but a masterly handling of the central idea, perfect draughtsmanship of character and a wonderful continuity. On the other hand the "bad" plays have an invariably engrossing, in most cases historical, plot that holds the attention of the public.

Time and again you will notice the same golden-rule adhered to by the so called classics. If they cannot produce a monumental masterpiece without straw they will begog you with a wealth of absorbing narrations. In this way the French and the Russians always sacrificed the substance for the spirit, disregarding the story for general ideas and characterisations, whereas the Greek, German and some of the English playwrights first of all gave you a canvas and only then lightly sketched their thoughts upon it.

Neither Good nor Bad

"The Man Who Was Fed Up," a new comedy produced at the Embassy Theatre last Monday, is not a bad play; scores have been better, and scores have been worse. But why produce it at all? It will not satisfy the discerning playgoer, it will not enrich the management, nor will it bring fame to the author. The only two things it can possibly achieve is to provide a certain class of people with a few hours of cachinnation and secondly very deservedly a dozen or so actors with employmont. Perhaps the latter justifies Mr. Frederick Witney's labours.

Certainly it was a pleasure to see Mr. Basil Foster, after much too long an absence, trying and in most cases succeeding to amuse the audience in the role of a business man turning monk. Why such a transformation was necessary remains a mystery. However, his revolt against the modern civilisation made quite a convincing speech. But it was rather spoilt by passages of necessary buffoonery.

Miss Barbara Couper, whom we remember in the Bronte entourage, takes the part of his rather irritating wife, and after half an hour of her com-

pany one fully sympathises with the fed up husband. She is ably supported in annoying the poor man by a pair of witless in-laws (Desmond Keith and Josephine Middleton) and Miss Peggy Simpson cleverly portraying an oversexed flapper with a Cathedral town complex.

The Man Who Was Fed Up. By F. Witney. Embassy Theatre.

Those Modern Athenians

A Tragedy of Democracy

WHETHER in ancient Greece or modern England, the effects of democracy remain unchanged. Pericles, the great leader who had built up the commercial and artistic supremacy of Athens, was losing his popularity. The Spartan menace was becoming acute and a war party had arisen, led by Cleon and financed by the merchant, Hyperbolus. This party was appalled at what it considered the decadence of Athens under the spell of prosperity and advocated the expulsion of the foreign artists and thinkers whose outlook, it claimed, was undermining the hardihood of the race.

The house of joy, presided over by Aspasia, mistress of Pericles, is the resort of Pheidias, in the midst of building the Parthenon; Socrates; Anaxagoras, also a foreigner yet loyal adviser of Pericles; Alcibiades, then merely a youthful aristocrat; Aristophanes, at the time a young poet in process of development, and such like. Even Hyperbolus joined the bibulous company which gathered here of an evening; but Aspasia, aware of his plottings, turns him out.

Alcibiades, converted to the war party, sails to Sparta on one of Hyperbolus's ships and becomes involved in a brawl there which causes war. Athens is besieged, and the population, swelled by refugees, is decimated by plague. Alcibiades returns to find Phais, his mistress, dying of the disease.

The tide of opinion turns against Pericles. He manages to save Aspasia, whom he has married for that very reason; but the council seize the other two foreigners, Pheidias and Anaxagoras. Pheidias is condemned to death on trumped-up charges; the venerable, grey-bearded Anaxagoras to exile.

Ian Hunter as Pheidias and Denys Blakelock as Aristophanes gave performances of outstanding merit. On an equally high plane were those of Eliot Makeham as Anaxagoras and Charles Mortimer as the worldly Hyperbolus, while Hugh E. Wright, who had not quite so good a part as Socrates, did some of his best work, notably during the delightful curtain to the first scene. Anthony Bushell as Alcibiades was not so happy, nor did I think Raymond Massey was quite the man for Cleon. Miss Gladys Cooper was adequate if rather cold in a part which gave her far less scope than some of the male rôles.

D.L.L.

"*Acropolis.*" By R. C. Sherwood. Lyric Theatre.

The Cinema

Pygmalion Up to Date

By MARK FORREST

THREE was once a King of Cyprus who fell so much in love with the statue of a maiden, which he himself was carving in ivory, that he prayed to Aphrodite that the statue might be given life. His prayer was heard, and he married the maiden.

Not so very long ago Mr. Bernard Shaw, remembering this King of Cyprus, wrote a play entitled "Pygmalion," in which a young man wagers his friend that he can take any woman and make her fit to be a duchess—the result was entertaining, and the play remarkable for the censor allowing the use of the adjective "bloody."

This week at the New Gallery comes Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness," the plot of which rests on a young man's boast that he can take any American girl and make her fit for a millionaire. You follow how the original idea has gradually deteriorated. Unless my memory is at fault, Ovid tells the legend in his *Metamorphoses*; this last metamorphosis would astonish him.

Nevertheless, judged by modern standards, such as they are, this is quite an amusing picture, though the fantasy is somewhat heavily handled. Hollywood has been hard put to it to find suitable material for Lilian Harvey, and neither their scenario department nor their directors are at their best when they are trying to be whimsical.

The picture contains two excellent tunes; a nicely balanced performance by Lilian Harvey as the office cleaner who is "made over" into something approaching one of "Les Girls," but whose slight cockney accent is still distressing (she should meet the man in Mr. Shaw's play); and one very good sequence, where the theme song is hurled at the audience with the aid of toby jugs, china dogs and other miniature *objets d'art*.

In the part of the young man who falls in love with his own creation, Lew Ayres has little of importance to do, and Charles Butterworth, as the stupid cousin of the handsome hero, has the brunt of the battle to bear when Lilian Harvey is given a rest. His face, like Laurel's, is so beautifully stupid in repose that he should appear funny to most people.

Knock-about and Sugar

The other two new pictures this week are "You Made Me Love You," at the Plaza, and "Brief Moment," at the Capitol. The former is a knock-about farce, with Stanley Lupino and Thelma Todd, the latter a sugary sentimental ditty, with Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond. The film at the Plaza is British and was made at the B.I.P. studios, where they specialise in producing a brand of picture which they affirm is what the provinces want. I should have thought that their farcical products were very stale fare myself and that the country at large could do with a new joke now and again, but Stanley Lupino always works with indefatigable energy, and perhaps this is sufficient to ensure success.

The Forum cinema in Villiers Street has become

the home of a new club, the Ciné Arts, where the best British and Continental films are to be revived every week. There will also be a reference library, and exhibitions will be organised and lecturers engaged from time to time for the benefit of members.

My Weakness. New Gallery.
You Made Me Love You. Plaza.

Broadcasting Notes

A Word for Mr. Maschwitz

THE front page of the Radio Times informs us in heavy type that "Vienna" is this week's Radio star. The reasons given for this somewhat bold assertion are that there is to be a relay of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra on Friday, November 8th, and a revival of "Good Night, Vienna" on Wednesday and Thursday.

I am quite in agreement with the importance of the relay from Vienna, but I could select half a dozen more important and probably more amusing programmes than "Good Night, Vienna." There is, for instance, a performance of "Romance" by Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer; there is a debate on "The Economics of Empire" between Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. L. S. Amery; there is a Symphony Concert by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra—and many others.

The Big, Big Drum

Why, then, does "Good Night, Vienna" get this gratuitous boost? One searches everywhere for a reason and is left with the uncomfortable conclusion that it is yet another bid for the glorification of Mr. Eric ("O, isn't Holt Marvellous") Maschwitz.

Mr. Maschwitz has now been directing light entertainment for three months and nearly every programme which has emanated from his department has been trumpeted, heralded, boomed and ballyhooed until his name (or names) has (or have) become a bugbear with which to frighten naughty children.

What exactly is his record of achievement? His "Follies of the Air" are among the worst things of their type that have ever been broadcast, his "First Time Here" has had to be removed from the programmes, his Eight Step Sisters, as I predicted, have made him a laughing stock, and for the rest, he has wasted a good deal of valuable time plugging the interminable Vienna with its "haunting melodies," "romantic illusions" and all the rest of the journalistic clap-trap.

Perhaps when Mr. Maschwitz is a little older he will learn that publicity is of no value unless the goods advertised are up to standard. Perhaps in time he may be persuaded to follow the example of the Talks Director or the Outside Broadcast Director, both of whom are content to produce programmes of high quality and have passed the age when they are thrilled to see their names in print. I implore Mr. Maschwitz to "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek."

ALAN HOWLAND.